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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Broadcasting English

BROADCASTING over the radio has entered so extensively into the background of everyday experience that we can no longer think of the gentleman who says "This is Mr. Blank speaking to you from ABC" as a part of the instrument and to be accepted or rejected without criticism, as we turn off the shoe advertisement or hold on with the Handel Chorus.

Mr. Blank Broadcaster has become indeed an Olympian. His voice, calm, cool, unhurried, is always waiting just above the check and double check of black-face dialogue, the rush of a symphony, or the syncopation of a dance orchestra. The speeches at the Hardware Dinner all end with him. He prefaces alike the squeaky falsetto of the entertainer and the big bass boom of the uplifter. He is as inevitable as the hour-end chimes and more insistent. Whoever talks, sings, plays, he is the norm to which the waves must always return. Hence if any English is important it is his, if any intonation is prepotent it must be his. As he talks, millions will try to talk, in their moments of linguistic aspiration. He is the pronouncing handbook of the air.

We have no complaint to make of the broadcaster's grammar. It is usually impeccable. Nor of his articulation, which, in the sharpest contrast to the American habit generally, is clear and intelligible. His English and the speaking of his English are both correct—correct with a deadly formality which makes them scarcely spoken English at all, but a new stereotyped style of toneless expression, accurate, monotonous, stiff, suggesting nothing so much as the Spencerian samples of penmanship in the copy books. His rare mistakes seem glints of humanity breaking through a fog. When through some carelessness, we hear him upstage and away from the transmitter, his sack-suit tones in contrast to his dress-suit manner when he knows he is being heard, are a relief.

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For good English, well spoken, is not just correct English. It must express an individual mind in individual words; it either has life or it is dead. Grammar is not enough, accurate pronunciation is not enough, correct word order is not enough. Spoken, it must have style, the style of the individual, which is a flavor personal and distinct as observable in two or three sentences as in an after dinner speech. Our complaint against the broadcasters—most of the broadcasters—is that they are wooden, sterile, colorless, without savor or variety in their speech, that as models of English, which they perforce become, they seem to wish to teach us all to talk like mechanical dolls or robots. The undeniable fact that Americans at large are incredibly slipshod, nasal, inaccurate in their language makes the speech after which we may model ours doubly important, and what the schools and the homes have failed to do, the constant iteration of the radio may succeed in accomplishing. Radio entertainment cannot be controlled in the interests of good English. We must take what we can get, and indeed the wide variety of accents and inflections as our language pours over the air from East, West, North, and South is one of the excellences of audition. But the impresario of the air, the prologuist and commentator of all the wave lengths, the voice which always returns, can surely be made a more human instrument of a more natural and effective speech. They have done it in England, not, one fancies, by selecting men of superior intelligence or greater education, but by setting precedents for their broadcasters of that flexible, easy, and expressive speaking, which good minds and likable personalities naturally use when urged to be their best selves, and not just correct.

Burial of the Spirit

(Of a Young Poet)

By RICHARD HUGHES

DEAD hangs the fruit on that tall tree:
The lark in my cold hand is dead.
What meats his funeral stars decree
By their own light I've spread:
The bearded fog among the leaves
Too sad to move, excludes the air:
No bursting seed this stiff soil heaves,
Nor ever will again, when we have laid him there.

Then come, ye silent wheels of fire,
Ye birds among the tulip-trees,
And let your brilliancy conspire
In rings of visual threnodies:
And thou, heart-breaking nightingale
Who phoenix-like forever burnst
In thine own voice, oh Philomel
Let not thy tuneful flame now fail,
But burn in it this spirit pale
Which once was grand, but now to naught, to nothing-naught returns.

This Week

"As We Were."
Reviewed by ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD.

"The Social and Economic Views of Mr. Justice Brandeis."
Reviewed by CHARLES E. CLARK.

"The Soviets in World Affairs."
Reviewed by WILLIAM H. CHAMBERLIN.

"The Dry Decade."
Reviewed by CHARLES MC. D. PUCKETTE.

"Back Street."
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"The Jealous Ghost."
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John Mistletoee, XXIV.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"Molière."
Reviewed by HILDA NORMAN.

"Pronunciation."
Reviewed by GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP.

"Faust": a Translation.
Reviewed by JOHN A. WALZ.

"American Foreign Relations."
Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON.

Round about Parnassus.
By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

"An Outline of Australian Literature."
Reviewed by C. HARTLEY GRATTAN.

Next Week, or Later

The Cultural Crisis of the World.
By C. H. BECKER.

A Victorian Peep-Show

By ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD
Author of "Those Earnest Victorians"

ONE of the attendant disadvantages of modern civilization is that we get our ideas at second or third hand. We see through a glass distortedly, and move in a world of phantoms conjured up for us by the witch doctors of journalism and popular literature. The vast development and capitalization of the advertiser's art are founded in the assumption that the public mind is a receptacle into which any desired information can, by the trained expert, be rammed, crammed, slammed, or damned. Even about things that are matters of every day experience, we reject the evidence of our senses for that of the printed page. The wildest fictions pass current about the usually mild-mannered and clean-living young people of our own day. And if these bluffs remain uncalled when the victims are our contemporaries, what chance can there be for our grandparents and great-grandparents, who can no longer be produced as visible and tangible evidence?

One of the most notorious literary ramps of recent years, has been that by which the Victorian age has been exploited, for purposes that it would be disingenuous to call literary. It has been a safe lead for any hard-pressed scribe to select some one or other of the honored figures of that time, and write a "human" biography, the humanity being of the stamp assigned by Tennyson to his lissom lady, who

Left not Launcelot brave nor Galahad pure.

The pity is that the fire that has started all this smoke was kindled by a book which, whatever its faults, can only be described as a classic of prose. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Lytton Strachey's "Eminent Victorians," it will probably hold readers to the last literary generation by the compelling interest of its style. It does not occur to the uncritical reader—and how few readers today have time to exercise their critical faculties!—that these figures on the canvas, the bibulous Gordon, the ungentle Lady with the Lamp, Black Arnold of Rugby laying the foundations of game-worship at public schools, and the red Cardinal who seems to have stepped straight out of an evangelical pamphlet, are caricatures, bearing hardly a colorable resemblance to the originals, and affording the same sort of satisfaction that the Athenian citizens must have derived from banishing Aristides, because they were tired of hearing him always called "the just."

Luckily this fashion of guying the Victorians does not seem likely to outlast, for very long, the nineteen-twenties. For one thing, the supply of eminent victims is at last beginning to run out. The novelty of detraction has long since passed away. The sub-acid epigrams of yesterday have become the *clichés* of today. And a reaction has set in that may end in a veritable Victorian revival, as undiscriminating as such revivals usually are. Perhaps the time is not far distant when we shall see wax flowers on our mantelpieces and crinolines on our daughters, while the old cudgels that did duty for the Victorian Aunt Sallies are picked up out of the mud into which they have fallen, and launched at the noses of Edward VII and the more eminent of his subjects.

It is fortunate that in this time of mental transition, opportunity should be afforded to us of seeing our grandparents, not through rose- or smoke-colored glasses, but in their habit as they lived. One such opportunity has been afforded by the steadily accumulating collection of Queen Victoria's letters, those in-

AS WE WERE: A Victorian Peepshow. By E. F. BENSON. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1930. $4.

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tensely human revelations of a character which, with all its faults, was not only very human and lovable, but may fairly challenge the epithet of great. And now we have what is happily described as "a Victorian peep-show,' from the pen of Mr. E. F. Benson, who, besides being a novelist of proved insight into the life of his time, has, as the son of an Archbishop and a member of a brilliant literary family, had unique opportunities of knowing everybody and seeing everything of any importance.

Mr. Benson is one of those rare men of genius, who can refrain from thrusting himself between his subject and his readers. He does not force us to see things through his eyes, but invites us to use our own and judge for ourselves. It would be impossible to describe him as a pro- or an anti-Victorian. No doubt the selecting hand of the artist is all the time at work, but that hand is cunningly concealed, and the object is to hold our attention and not to excite our prejudice. Mr. Benson invites us to look into his peepshow, and see these Victorians come to life again, and walk and talk before us without the least consciousness of our scrutiny. Or, to change the simile, he takes us for an excursion on one of Mr. Wells's time machines, invites us to step off somewhere in the past, and spend the next half hour looking round for ourselves.

There are a good many such stopping places, for Mr. Benson uses "Victorian" in the widest sense. The greater part of the book is certainly concerned with that later Victorian time of which the author has had personal experience, but perhaps the most fascinating chapters of all are those which describe the life of his father, the Archbishop, ending—somewhat disappointingly, it must be admitted—with the good prelate's promotion to the highest dignity in the Anglican Church.

* * *

It is easy to imagine what Mr. Lytton Strachey would have made of such a subject. Far more obviously than Arnold or Manning, Benson seems destined for a place in his row of Eminent Cockshies. He was an austere and in some ways a narrow man. He had nevertheless a flirtation with a little girl who used to sit on his knee, and to whom, after obtaining the permission of her parents, he declared his intentions when she was twelve, and he an earnest clergyman of exactly twice that age. Having plighted her troth by a true lover's knot, the poor child had to endure her mother's exhortations to the effect that her "volatility must be sobered . . . or else Edward, who in his wondrous way had chosen her and to whom she had now utterly dedicated herself, would be disappointed with her." And yet Mr. Benson, the little girl's son, is doubtful whether, in spite of her respect and admiration, she was really in love with her mature suitor.

Contrast this "baby snatching" amour with the clergyman in a sterner mood, *in loco parentis* to a young and needy brother, and yet condemning the boy to poverty rather than allow him to be adopted and become the heir of a wealthy, but, alas! Unitarian uncle.

"My religious principle," writes the future Archbishop,

> is not a thing of tender feeling, warm, comforting notions, unproved prejudices, but it comes of full and perfect conviction, absolute belief, rules to regulate my life, and oaths by which I believe myself bound to try every question, the greatest and the least. . . . I shall courteously hereafter as a priest in the English Church, if God will, several times in every service proclaim "Glory be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost" . . . with what conscience or with what countenance if every memory should suggest that in one person's case, and that the dearest that could be, I had robbed those Divine Persons of the worship and the praise that should have proceeded from his heart, his mind, his lips, his whole life? . . .

"This," the reverend zealot almost superfluously goes on to explain,

> is a very serious matter, and I hope you will not think bitterly either of the young man's presumption, or the young churchman's bigotry. Bigot, thus far a conscientious Christian must be.

Which settled the fate of poor brother Charlie, who, one would have thought, was more likely to benefit by his uncle's wealth than the Divine Persons by his Trinitarian responses in church. One finds oneself sliding into the Stracheyan mood in recording such episodes. And yet, by the time we have parted from the Archbishop at the entrance to Lambeth Palace, we have, without the least failure of candor on his son's part, come to admire and love the man, and to admit the greatness of his stature. That somewhat equivocal love affair of twelve and twenty-four blossomed into a married love as constant and devoted as that of the Gladstones, the Brownings, and many another Victorian couple. The children of such unions can still, like Mr. Benson, rise up and call their parents blessed.

That intense earnestness, common to all the greater Victorians, may have had its unlovely side, but it bore fruit in a self-sacrificing and concentrated energy that rendered historic Benson's headmastership of Wellington and his incumbency of the See of Truro. It was not without reason that Disraeli exclaimed "Now we *have* a bishop!" The very Wesleyan ministers, against whose principles Benson considered it his duty to wage uncompromising war, could not refuse him an affectionate welcome to their parishes.

The sketch of his father only serves as an introduction to Mr. Benson's portrait gallery of eminent Victorians. Even of the second, and less fruitful, half of the Queen's reign, we can only say, "Here is God's plenty!" It was an age exuberantly fecund of character. If we are to admit the existence of a life force, the Victorians, in comparison with our own age, would appear to have been doubly or trebly charged with it. There is something characteristically Victorian about Meredith vowing that he would have kicked Swinburne down stairs, had he not foreseen what a clatter his horrid little bottom would have made as it bounced from step to step. Those "Lines to Edward Fitzgerald," in which the aged Browning gibbets the corpse of him who had once thanked God that Elizabeth Browning was dead, are the reaction of a typical Victorian. It is good that Mr. Benson should reproduce in full this magnificent burst of invective, which appeared to be too strong meat for the taste of our generation, as we may seek it in vain in editions of Browning's works.

Particularly good is Mr. Benson about that veritable forcing house of Victorian character, King's College, Cambridge. But even his pen can hardly do justice to the grotesque yet colossal figure of Oscar Browning, who had to be known to be believable. Like Byron,

> He taught us little, but our soul
> Had felt him like the thunder-roll.

Speaking as a pupil of this famous history don, I wish that Mr. Benson had made a little less of his subject's "abysmal fatuity"—for O. B. was too virile to merit the epithet of fatuous—and more of that spaciousness of outlook which has rendered his teaching a life-long inspiration, not perhaps to plodding specialism, but to the service of the Muse, Clio. Fatuous is more the epithet one would apply to another of Mr. Benson's collection of donnish eccentrics, Nixon by name, whose fatuity was so consummate as almost to amount to genius. Those of us who have lived in their shadow realize that we shall not look again upon the like of these Victorian dons. They were, take them for all in all, mighty individualists and not, like those who now fill their chairs at High Table, well-fitting cogs in the academic machine.

The more we pursue the delightful occupation of browsing through Mr. Benson's pages, the stronger becomes our impression of the Victorian Age as one no less remarkable for wealth of character than of worldly possessions. Such character by no means always conforms to our notions of pleasantness. Perhaps feelings were less sensitive in those days of tougher nerve fibres, but there was certainly less regard paid to them than among the present generation. We are kindlier, more tolerant folks than our grandparents. We do not maintain the sanctity of the marriage tie by ostracizing, for life, an innocent and charming lady who has obtained a separation from a vicious husband. But then it is doubtful whether we attach enough sancitity to that tie to make it worth our defending. So again, no one of us moderns would think of balking anyone of his inheritance for the sake of the Trinity. One rich uncle in the hand is worth three Persons in the Creed.

Perhaps we are wise in our generation. The Victorian richness of character may have been bought at too high a price. It may be better, though it seems very dull, to merge one's individuality in the body social, than to develop it as the Victorians did. But it is base and cowardly to try to make the best of both worlds, and preserve our self esteem, by proclaiming that our grandparents were really men of straw, and that there never were any individuals more richly endowered with personality than our unambitious selves.

An Outstanding Jurist

THE SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC VIEWS OF MR. JUSTICE BRANDEIS. Collected with Introductory Notes by ALFRED LIEF. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1930. $4.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES E. CLARK
Dean, Yale Law School

THIS is a companion volume to "The Dissenting Opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes," published last year. The two books, therefore, afford an opportunity of comparing the work of these two famous jurists, so much alike in many ways, so different in others. Each came to the Supreme Court from Boston and Harvard. On that Court they are usually found in agreement as to the disposition of the great social questions coming before it. But though they had been friends of long standing, their past experiences were most unlike, and the intellectual processes by which they reach their conclusions are certainly far from identical.

Holmes's origins were in literary and intellectual Boston. Son of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," he served with distinction in the Civil War, where he was three times wounded. Then shortly he edited the *American Law Review,* prepared and gave his famous lectures on the Common Law, and was appointed professor of law at Harvard, a position he relinquished for a place on the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. Here he served for twenty years as Associate and Chief Justice, until President Roosevelt appointed him in 1902 to the United States Supreme Court.

Brandeis was born in Kentucky, the son of liberal Hebrew parents who fled from Bohemia after the collapse of the Revolution of 1848. He was educated at Dresden and at Harvard and, after a brief period in St. Louis, returned to Boston in 1879. Here until his appointment to the federal bench in 1916 he pursued a wholly unique law practice, one which often took him far outside the confines of that city and which was outstanding for both the friends and supporters and the enemies it made him. Space is lacking for even a summary of this busy period of his life, though Professor Charles A. Beard in the admirable foreword to this book skilfully presents its most striking characteristics. We find him, for example, as mediator in many industrial disputes, as counsel for the people in important constitutional cases involving hours of labor and minimum wage statutes from Oregon, Illinois, Ohio, and California, as attorney for the shippers and for the Interstate Commerce Commission in the railroads' struggle to secure advanced freight rates, as advocate of the Boston municipal subways system and the Massachusetts plan of savings bank insurance, as representative of Glavis and the conservation group in the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, and as severe critic of the management of the New Haven Road. Upon his appointment to the bench a most determined effort was made to prevent his confirmation by the Senate. President Wilson took a resolute stand in his support and approval was at length secured by an almost strictly partisan vote. It is a striking tribute to the intellectual powers and the quiet dignity of Brandeis on the bench that this storm has entirely died down and he commands the wholehearted respect even of those who disagree most sharply with his social views.

* * *

The judicial opinions of Holmes and Brandeis, too, present a vivid contrast. Holmes is essentially the judicial philosopher, reaching his conclusions shortly by wise and tolerant judgments and expressing them in his famous terse and epigrammatic style. Brandeis, on the other hand, patiently marshals not only the applicable legal principles and authorities, but also all the factual material bearing in any way on his problem and then he allows the cumulative weight of the whole to carry him to his judgment. This method of presentation of constitutional social issues was developed by him as counsel in the Oregon case involving the constitutionality of a statute limiting the hours of labor of women. It is now a technique of brief writing and legal argument indelibly associated with his name. His famous brief in this case is reprinted in skeleton outline in the book. First came the few applicable legal principles, and then followed at length the "facts of common knowledge" of which the court was asked to take judicial notice —the world-wide legislation on the point and the "world's experience," *i. e.*, the facts and conclusions of experts, and of surveys and reports as to the danger of too long hours of labor for women and the

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general social and economic benefits of short hours. This same method he follows in his opinions so that they are veritable economic monographs on the subjects considered. His mastery of the technical details of his subject, whether it be railroading or accounting practice or trade customs, is extraordinary. To give a single example, public utility rate-making has been one of his major interests. He has supported the theory of adjusting rates, not, as now required by law, on the fair value of the utility's property, but on the amount prudently invested therein, and in a series of notable dissents has provided in effect a standard text for that point of view.

The present book represents a praiseworthy attempt to bring Justice Brandeis's social views before the general public. At best it is a task of some difficulty to present judicial opinions effectively to the lay reader. Holmes's decisions by reason of their terseness, their mellow philosophy, and their style lend themselves perhaps most easily to this purpose. Yet the volume of Holmes's opinions was only a partial picture, due to the necessary editorial exclusions and the impossibility of giving in any detail the legal setting of each case. It is all the more difficult to do this for Brandeis's detailed and documented opinions. It was necessary to leave out the footnotes—often as important as the text—and to omit most of the details of the economic data. The result is to show the Justice's judicial method more in outline form than by way of exact reproduction.

Even though the picture is necessarily incomplete the collection is still notable. It, like the Holmes collection, shows that judicial opinions may really be literature. Further, it gives some idea at least of Brandeis's very real contribution to American jurisprudence. The cases are grouped in various sections dealing with labor, regulation of business, public utility valuation, and free speech, prohibition, and taxation problems, followed by some quotations from his earlier writings and briefs. Among others things we see here his support of the constitutional guarantees and of standards of fair play and decency towards all men, including even the pacifist and the bootlegger. Witness his strong protest against obtaining evidence of law violation by wire-tapping. We get, too, a somewhat different conception of his attitude towards business. Far from being merely critical and destructive, he has shown a more favorable attitude than his colleagues towards certain business developments, such as coöperative movements and combinations under the Sherman Act. Here the editor might have included the New England Divisions case to point out the fine irony that Brandeis, in former days the virulent critic of the New Haven Road, should now be the spokesman for the court in seeing to it that that railroad received a just division of through freight rates. There are other omissions, such as of all opinions showing his care to protect the Supreme Court from hearing disputes not properly within its jurisdiction, and some of the more recent social cases are missing. But the necessity of editorial selection and the limited size of the book make this necessary. Perhaps the wonder is that in view of the difficulties so much of the flavor of the material is retained.

The book, therefore, affords a good introduction to one of the ablest scholars and one of the most interesting and independent figures now on the bench. Within the limits necessarily set by the nature of the editor's plan, the work is well done. And it will have fulfilled its purpose best of all if it sends the reader back to the original opinions, there to see the persuasive force which an orderly presentation of detailed facts can exert on the human mind.

A "Temple of Poetry" where poetry societies may meet and young bards find an audience has been urged in London by Lady Keeble. Her aim is to "conquer England for poetry and put poets back on their pedestals as national heroes.' Lady Keeble's plan calls for a plain oak hall holding no more than 300 persons and furnished with low divans and arm chairs. Along the walls would be shelves of poetry. Alcoves would be set aside for special poets and personal relics kept there, as well as their works.

The Great X

THE SOVIETS IN WORLD AFFAIRS. By Louis Fischer. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1930. 2 vols. $10.

Reviewed by William Henry Chamberlin
Author of "Soviet Russia"

THE Union of Soviet Socialist Republics that has replaced the old Russia is the supreme enigma, the great "x", or unknown quantity in international affairs. The Western powers have been almost equally unsuccessful in making war on Bolshevism and in making peace with it. The intervention sponsored by Winston Churchill failed to destroy the Soviet régime. The subsequent theory, championed by Lloyd George and others, that political recognition and trade contacts offered the best means of essentially altering the socialist character of the Soviet economic system has also failed to work out in practise. The Soviet Union, under the Five Year Plan, is more uncompromisingly socialist than ever and is rapidly stamping out the last remains of private capitalism in the country.

The best way to approach an enigma is with a fund of solid information; and such information is furnished in full measure in Mr. Fischer's two volume history of the development of Soviet foreign policy. The author's qualifications as an exponent of Soviet foreign policy are quite exceptional. The highest Soviet diplomatic officials gave him valuable aid and coöperation in preparing his material. The former Commissar for Foreign Affairs, Chicherin, the present Commissar, Litvinov, and the now exiled ex-Ambassador to England and France, Rokovsky, supplied him with valuable written and oral material about the Genoa and Lausanne Conferences, about the negotiations with France and England, and on other subjects. The author's background is further enriched by detailed conversations with several present and former Soviet Ambassadors and by archive material obtained from the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs.

From an English source Mr. Fischer received an interesting document which is reprinted in his appendix: a convention between Great Britain and France, signed by Lord Milner and Clemenceau on December 23, 1917, dividing southern and southeastern Russia into French and British "zones of influence." Another bit of research on which he must be congratulated is reflected in his clear and original narrative of the circumstances which caused the Polish army to remain passive at a decisive moment in the Russian civil war, in the autumn of 1919. At this time the White army of General Denikin had reached a point less than two hundred miles from Moscow and active coöperation between Denikin and the Poles might have altered the issue of the Russian civil war, or at least prolonged it and given it new forms.

Mr. Fischer's viewpoint does not, as a rule, differ very much from that of his Soviet informants, and this is sometimes evident when he departs from straightforward narration to express opinion or to pronounce judgment. But, while one may, I think, reasonably dissent here and there on points of judgment and emphasis and interpretation (one wonders, for instance, whether Mr. Fischer might not have been more cynical in handling the episode of the overthrow of the Menshevik régime in Georgia if England, and not Soviet Russia, had been the intervening power on that occasion) such considerations cannot obscure the conspicuous and outstanding merits of the work.

Here for the first time all the main tangled threads of Soviet foreign policy over a period of twelve years are drawn together and woven into clear and intelligible patterns. The panoramic sweep of the history is enormous. The author transports us from the European council halls where Soviet and Western statesmen cross swords over political and economic issues to the remote defile in Turkestan where the romantic Pan-Islamist adventurer, Enver Pasha, met his death at the end of a long career of intrigue and grandiose schemes. The quiet talks between the Soviet envoy, A. A. Joffe, and Dr. Sun Yat Sen, in which much of the program of contemporary Chinese nationalism was worked out; large business deals, some actually carried through, others projected and thwarted, between American industrial and financial magnates and Soviet representatives; Soviet military aid to Turkey in the closing stages of the Græco-Turkish War; these are only a few of the themes which lend color and variety to the work.

Mr. Fischer starts out by showing the representatives of the young Soviet Republic faced by German and Austrian generals and diplomats at the Brest-Litovsk Conference. The odds were hopelessly against the former, especially after the hopes based on the outbreak of revolution in Germany and Austria proved illusory, and despite, or in part because of, Trotsky's brilliant sparring Soviet Russia was forced to sign a peace that registered the extreme German annexationist demands.

The author then carries his narrative through the phase of German, Austrian, and Turkish intervention, which was operative in southern Russia, the Caucasus, and Finland, ending more or less automatically with the breakdown of the Central Powers, and devotes more space to an analysis of the longer and more important phase represented by Allied intervention. The main facts here are already known in a more or less fragmentary way; the author pieces them ingeniously together and casts some useful light on the Russian angle of the Paris Peace Conference and on the futile efforts of Bolshevik diplomacy to stave off and stop intervention by making conciliatory peace offers and proposing sweeping economic concessions in the early part of 1919.

After the intervention had run its inglorious course (its failure could have been foreseen in advance from all the historical precedents and was made doubly certain because of the irresolution, weakness, and conflicting policies which made themselves felt not only as between different powers but even in the inner councils of the same power) the Allied governments made an effort to present a united front to the Soviet Republic and obtain substantial business privileges at the Genoa Conference in the spring of 1922. Here again no positive results were achieved, partly because the Soviet representatives, even then, placed definite limits on what they were willing to concede, partly because British and French interests were at cross-purposes on the very combative subject of oil. Mr. Fischer makes out a convincing case for his thesis that, although America was unrepresented at Genoa and its minor sequel, The Hague Conference, powerful American oil interests contributed in no small degree to the breakdown of both these parleys.

After Genoa and The Hague there was no longer even a pretense of unity in the dealings of the West European powers with the Soviet Union. Each country went more or less its own way, the influence of some great powers being, of course, more or less determining for that of some of the smaller ones within their orbits of influence. Mr. Fischer traces the relations of the Soviet Union with each country in great detail, showing that Germany, despite episodic periods of coolness, has been obliged by a combination of political and economic factors to remain on reasonably good terms with the Soviet Union,

ROBERT BROWNING, TAKING TEA WITH THE BROWNING SOCIETY
A cartoon by Max Beerbohm, reproduced from "The Stuffed Owl" (Coward-McCann).

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that France, since 1927, has been uncompromisingly hostile, while England has wavered. The short-lived Labor Government of 1924 and the present Labor Government have pursued the policy of establishing diplomatic contact for the purpose of endeavoring to promote trade and settle outstanding economic issues. The Conservative Government which was in power from the autumn of 1924 until the last parliamentary election was uncompromisingly hostile. It owed the size, if not the existence, of its parliamentary majority to the "Zinoviev Letter" sensation, which developed on the very eve of the election.

The antipathy of the Conservative Government to the Soviet régime was strengthened by the financial aid which the Soviet trades unions offered on the occasion of the general strike and the miners' strike in England and by the growing Soviet influence in China; and these two factors, rather than any immediate issue, were probably the dominating elements in the Soviet-British breach of relations in the spring of 1927.

* * *

The Soviet Union is a great power in Asia as well as in Europe; and two of the most interesting chapters in Mr. Fischer's work deal with the past background of Anglo-Soviet rivalry in the Near and Middle East and with the Chinese Nationalist Revolution up to the period in 1927 when more conservative elements took the upper hand in the Kuomintang, or Chinese Nationalist Party, and broke off with the Communists. A good deal, of course, has been written about contemporary China; but Mr. Fischer's chapter is almost unique, at least in English, in giving a lucid and interesting picture of the development of the Chinese Revolution from what may be called the Soviet angle. One can find here a fascinating, if not perhaps altogether complete, account of the activities of the brilliant Soviet "High Advisor" to the Chinese Nationalists, Michael Borodin, and especially of Borodin's actual and projected last moves in the effort to stave off defeat when the tide was running strongly against the Chinese Communists and the Left Kuomintang in the summer of 1927.

The writer was in China during the latter part of the period which Mr. Fischer describes in this chapter; and it is my impression that he exaggerates somewhat the voluntariness of Borodin's withdrawal. It is doubtless true, as Mr. Fischer says, that some of the more radical Kuomintang leaders desired the Russian advisor to stay, because his courage and ingenuity in facing difficulties represented a tower of strength for them. But by June and July, 1927, these civilian leaders had lost almost the last vestiges of authority. The generals were masters of the situation; and these generals, despite their incessant intrigues and feuds among themselves, were sufficiently frightened by the labor and peasant unrest which followed in the wake of the Nationalist advance from Canton to the Yangtze to be pretty well agreed on a program of outlawing the Communists, eliminating Borodin from Chinese political life, and placing the Kuomintang on a more definitely conservative basis. Of course a cloud of mystery still surrounds certain aspects of Borodin's mission in China; and final judgment must perhaps be suspended until fuller knowledge is available. Near the end of his otherwise admirable chapter on "Moscow and the Chinese Revolution" Mr. Fischer commits one or two factual slips when he writes:

> Then occurred that famous bombardment at Nanking in which one or two foreigners were killed . . . Chiang Kai-Shek officially expressed his regrets . . . and permitted the massacre of trade-union leaders and radical Chinese in Shanghai. He proposed in this manner to placate the powers.

Now the several foreigners who lost their lives at Nanking in March, 1927, lost their lives not in a bombardment, but as a result of an outbreak of disorderly violence among the Chinese troops who occupied the city. The bombardment of a stretch of territory outside the Nanking city limits was undertaken by British and American warships for the purpose of facilitating the rescue of the surviving foreigners, who had gathered on Socony Hill. Furthermore Chiang Kai-Shek's suppression of radical labor unions and executions of their leaders were primarily an essential part of his program for establishing a conservatized Kuomintang régime in the coastal provinces around Shanghai. The idea of placating the foreign powers was at best a secondary consideration.

Mr. Fischer's book is calculated to strengthen advocates of recognition of the Soviet Union in the United States insofar as it emphasizes the stability of the Soviet régime and its prospects of industrial and commercial development. Regarding the thorny problem of Communist propaganda which has vexed Soviet relations in more than one part of the world he writes:

> The question whether the Soviet Government is organizationally connected with the Cummunist International is of little practical importance until and unless the Soviet Republic admits that fact. The admission, even if it were true, is, however, not likely to be forthcoming.

At the same time he is under no illusion as to the difficulties which confront the Soviet Union in establishing normal relations with foreign powers. He ends his book with the statement that "as the years go by the Bolsheviks look to the outside world less for aid and more for passive enmity or even violent obstruction."

For anyone who wishes to get away from the jerky and spasmodic knowledge of Russian foreign relations that comes from reading occasional magazine articles and newspaper headlines there is no better recourse than Mr. Fischer's book. Nowhere else certainly is there such an able and complete marshalling of all the facts relating to Soviet foreign policy. The two volumes possess encyclopedic scope without the dulness that is sometimes, however unjustly, associated with encyclopedias.

Vigorous History

THE DRY DECADE. By CHARLES MERZ. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931.

Reviewed by CHARLES MC. D. PUCKETTE

TO Mr. Merz a vote of thanks. It takes a stronge individual constitution voluntarily to read another book or argument upon the Eighteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution. Many wishing to give time and thought to convictions upon subjects of more moment than prohibition fairly resent the constant intrusion of this topic upon American life today, though admitting that the situation is a challenge politically and socially to the country. It fills newspapers, pulpits, political campaigns, conversation, distracts deserved attention from great national problems; many citizens delude themselves by fancying they are thinkers upon government because they utter facile, noisy opinions upon prohibition. The argument is tiresome.

Mr. Merz is entitled to thanks because his book should make many others unnecessary. It is a comprehensive, swift survey of ten years of prohibition. His narrative is a fair report of the decade since the United States became legally dry, on January 16, 1920. Only the extreme propagandists on either side will take exception to Mr. Merz's summary or charge that bias enters into it. The sensitive dry may, however, feel that in some chapters Mr. Merz's recital puts him on the defensive; but so do the facts. Mr. Merz's balance is excellently preserved.

The battle of statistics so eagerly joined by wets and drys is not fought over by Mr. Merz. There is just enough of tabular and source material in the appendix or adduced in the narrative to make the volume a good work of reference, but no mass of those statistics of benefits or harms of prohibition which propagandists on both sides have so often twisted, isolated, and misinterpreted until the seeker after truth is wearied, disgusted. Mr. Merz presents his story in the main chronologically, and his tale is an humbling one for the sober-minded citizen. The evidence of stupidity, braggadocio, and cowardice distributed impartially among wets, drys, Senate, and Congress—and corruption among enforcement officers—is appalling.

A brief background of the early temperance movement is capitally done. Mr. Merz correctly says that the abysmal ignorance of the brewers' attempts to stop prohibition was a help to the drys. Prohibition came without a real fight of the proportions justified by the merits of the question as a national policy; it came because a determined body of citizens, knowing exactly what they wanted, ready to vote as they talked, shrewdly managed so as to be effective at the polls, were met by no intelligent or organized opposition. The wets, so angry as to be almost incoherent now, are really chagrined to realize how surpassingly able was the generalship of the drys almost from the day that the Anti-Saloon League was born in the Oberlin, Ohio, meeting in 1893.

Mr. Merz quotes Mr. Cherington's summary of the strategy of the League . . . "dependent upon the church, first of all, for financial support . . . also dependent upon the church for the necessary influence and power to turn the tide *along non-partisan lines.*" The drys controlled voters, and worked night and day at enforcement of their power. Mr. Merz is sound in pointing out that the wave of prohibition which finally achieved the Amendment and Volstead Act (it was not the first such wave in the United States) drew its strength from the agricultural states which had not felt the industrial development of the East. He is an impartial historian in apportioning the dry and wet areas of the country prior to national prohibition, but might have gone more fully into the smaller political subdivisions dry by local option.

The anti-prohibitionists will not be pleased with Mr. Merz's judicial treatment of their pet dogma "that national prohibition was foisted upon the country without the slightest semblance of a warning," and the twin dogma that the "arbitrary action of the state legislatures" rather than the popular will had achieved prohibition. It is hard for the wets to be driven from these trenches, but Mr. Merz does it briskly.

It is in describing the fate of prohibition enforcement legislation in Congress, and the abortive policies of successive commissioners that Mr. Merz's narrative is at its best. That many congressmen voted for prohibition hoping to be rid of an annoying question, and that Congress has failed to grapple with enforcement is a truth abundantly proved by Mr. Merz. Wayne B. Wheeler's confident estimate that $5,000,000 a year would make the country as dry as Sahara remains one of the unfulfilled predictions of history, equalled only by Congress's and the prohibition enforcement administration's fumbling with the real problem. Mr. Merz concisely sums up the "policies" of Kramer, Haynes, and others—brave, if foolish promises, and sorry failure; the tomtoms of Smedley Butler, and the antics of Izzy and Moe. If the innocent bystander interested in his country's welfare is weary of anything more than of wet and dry argument, it is of the repeated news stories of new "drives" and raids which put a stop to great bootlegging rings—and achieve next to nothing. Enforcement in the present state of the popular will may be impossible; Mr. Merz fairly reports our failures to do anything really intelligent about it.

A chapter on the battle of propaganda sets off counter-claims of wets and drys; one wishes that in addition to his rapid covering of this field Mr. Merz could have added a summary, for example, of Jane Addams's admirable and judicial statement upon prohibition from the social worker's point of view in a recent *Survey Graphic*. Then Mr. Merz proceeds to describe the appearance of the new opposition—so different from the stupid brewers—and the rise of public opinion led or represented by Alfred E. Smith, Dwight Morrow, Pierre Du Pont, the New York Bar Association, and others. He devotes a chapter to Mr. Hoover's program on the "noble experiment" of which the main point was the appointment of the Wickersham Commission. The appeal to the states to aid in enforcement, as Mr. Merz shows, fails—and this brings us to the position in 1930.

What next? Formidable as the difficulties of repealing the Eighteenth Amendment are, Mr. Merz remarks, it "was an open question" whether they were more or less than "the difficulties involved in an effort to persuade the public to accept the law or the effort to persuade the federal government to enforce it, or the effort to solve an unsolved problem by any other means than a policy of drift." Is the way out to be Smith's modification, or Dr. Hadley's polite nullification? Shall we, with Mr. Morrow, "look forward to the time when the moral teachers of the country will realize that in the battle for a great social reform there was a wisdom in the old system of experimenting in forty-eight laboratories rather than one!"

Whatever one's opinions may be, they will be

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clarified by Mr. Merz's history. The movement for temperance is "a great social reform" which has enlisted many noble souls, many blind fanatics. Whether national prohibition could have had a greater measure of success had it not come in the aftermath of the war is an unprofitable question; to many impartial persons the failure of any tolerable position of the best citizenry to declare boldly for obedience to the law has been a matter for genuine concern. The question of prohibition, however, still lives with its raw edge uppermost, as Mr. Merz points out, "to test the political wisdom of the American Republic." Mr. Merz's vigorous history will at least help us to think straight on a sadly twisted issue.

Descent to Tragedy

BACK STREET. By FANNIE HURST. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS is the story of Ray Schmidt, a girl whose generosity of nature was her worst enemy, from her girlhood when she could hardly bring herself to refuse a kiss to any beggar for it, until the end of her life. Her liberality found its chief outlet in her love for Walter Saxel; she became his mistress, and more than his wife, and found herself penniless when he died. After that the story progresses inevitably to the irony and tragedy of its conclusion. It will be seen that the book is in its essentials much like Mrs. Viña Delmar's "Kept Woman" and Mrs. Dorothy Parker's "Big Blonde"; yet it remains unmistakably individual in spite of its resemblances to them, just as it succeeds in being an admirable piece of work in spite of several serious faults.

Its faults, since they are obvious, had better be admitted at once. Miss Hurst's style, which in her short stories is hardly noticeable, in the course of nearly five hundred pages impresses one as definitely bad. There is a looseness in the use of exact words like "dilemma," and a constant awkwardness in the sentences, and even a frequent ambiguity; for instance: "Every day at eleven o'clock, to avoid Mrs. Cleveland's knowing her affairs, or she might have sent the chambermaid, Ray slid on a coat over her nightdress and scurried to a certain neighborhood stationer's where her racing-form was saved for her," a sentence one must read two or three times to be certain of the relationship of the *or*-clause.

The longer form has betrayed Miss Hurst in other ways. Some of her points are far too insistently made. The selfishness of Walter and the unselfishness of Ray, which might have been left to make their own effect, are not only demonstrated but explained, and that over and over again, in a succession of similar scenes, each with its parenthetic "I. I. I. I. Me. Me. Me. Me." to emphasize Walter's egoism. There is similar over-abundance in the measure of Ray's bad luck, which is heaped up to the point where one begins to protest, as one does in reading Hardy, that the dice are loaded against the character.

But all this is only the reverse of the book's own generosity and vitality, the faults are only the result of its triumphant avoidance of thinness, which must be always the chief danger of a book dealing with the slow descent of a single character. "Kept Woman," which had many excellent qualities, spoiled them all by its triviality; "Big Blonde" avoided a depressing thinness by its extreme compression of years into pages; "The Perennial Bachelor," with somewhat the same conception, used the decline of a whole family to supply interest. Miss Hurst has risked telling of a single character, at considerable length, in a story where the hopelessness can be seen from the beginning, and has brilliantly justified herself.

She has succeeded in many ways in giving her book richness and warmth, notably by the intimacy with which she reveals her backgrounds. From the *Gemütlichkeit* of Cincinnati in the 'nineties to the squalor of the cheapest lodgings in Aix-les-Bains out of the season, the book moves through a variety of scenes, each one presented with an extraordinary vividness. One must admire also the minor characters, the conception that can convey so much in such brief glimpses of the dark compactness of a family of wealthy Jews, or the whole way of life of a pasty lower-class household. But the chief strength of the book is Ray herself. All the warmth, the generosity, and the life the author claims for her do indeed reach the reader; by turns Ray rouses one's affection, one's pity, and, in her final vulturine appearances, one's horror. And the mounting hysteria of the closing pages rises to a climax which will haunt memory.

In Kentucky

THE LIMESTONE TREE. By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931.

KENTUCKY is like the Church of England, unique, easily combining irreconcilable attributes, and breeding in her sons an unshakable conviction of superiority which they would never dream of trying to justify. Kentucky was a slave state, yet not a Confederate state; an imperishable sovereignty where the doctrine of States' Rights is still held, which yet fought to preserve the imperishable union of such sovereignties; a Dark and Bloody Ground, from the unrecorded days when a dozen nations of Indians fought each other for it, which has, in its valley country, always suggested the peace of the Earthly Paradise. And like Scotland's, her history combines in a singular degree the sense of romance and the sense of reality. It was natural that Mr. Hergesheimer, whose imagination is stirred equally by the tropical passions of the south and the clarity of the old Anglo-Saxon north, should be moved to attempt an interpretation of this country where they join in such splendid paradox.

Mr. Hergesheimer's form is a loose genealogical narrative, not so much a novel as a collection of short stories bound together by the recurrence of certain ancestral traits in the characters. Here one must enter a *caveat lector;* after a few pages of historical survey, one is introduced to families bearing names so

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

well known in Kentucky as to be written on her map; one must not assume that one is reading history, nor be surprised to find them intermarrying with entirely fictitious persons. Unless one is warned this is apt to cause a distraction of attention, which Mr. Hergesheimer evidently thought worth risking. There is a vein of cleavage that runs straight down the family all through; some of them are born Northerners, some Southerners, and yet they are all alike Kentuckians, even the last of the line, a boy brought up in Paris. Bored by the country anywhere and scornful of the western hemisphere, even he cannot escape the fascination and comes back to live in Kentucky, at Calydon.

As is perhaps to be expected, Mr. Hergesheimer maintains that Kentucky is essentially northern. He is at pains to have his characters say that ill luck always comes to them from the south. His Federalists, his Unionists, his Republicans, are his real heroes, and his final picture of Kentucky presents it almost as the last frontier of the sturdy North against the languorous, dangerous South. This view may of course be questioned. The real issue in the Civil War (according to many modern historians) was industrialism against agriculture; the real grievance of the North was that the South imported negro slaves for the plantations, as the grievance of the South ever since has been that the North imports vast numbers of cheap laborers for the mills; and in this issue Kentucky was and is agrarian, and any one who looks at the river valleys of New England and the limestone country of Kentucky may see which of them has her birthright.

But Mr. Hergesheimer's view is tenable, and his manner almost irresistibly persuasive; and in any case, his book must be judged not primarily as a demonstration, but as a collection of stories. The stories are excellent. Whether they deal with the pioneers of the Wilderness Road, the racing estates of the 'forties, the Civil War and Reconstruction, or the present day, they are filled with characters who have lives of their own and are interesting in their own right, and they are presented in a style that becomes more melting and delicate in every book of Mr. Hergesheimer's. Above all, he has done great service, in his stories of the days of the taking of the country and in his stirring description of the Kentucky character, against those who say that America is superficial because she has given her children too easy and peaceful lives.

Spooks and Roast Beef

THE JEALOUS GHOST. By L. A. G. STRONG. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by CLINTON SIMPSON

THIS is a novel which mixes "spooks and roast beef," to use Edwin Seaver's phrase, but which contains a great deal of roast beef and only one spook. Since the roast beef is excellent, on the whole we have much to be grateful for. The story of the ghost which haunts John Carmichael Stewart upon his return to Mhor on the west coast of Scotland is not, in my opinion, an essential part of the novel. To have left out the ghost, and merely told the story of Stewart's summer at the ancestral home, with the people living there, would, I think, have been much better.

The author creates a group of English people by means of the small episodes, the delicate revelations of inner life, which have caused his work to be compared—quite justifiably—with that of Katherine Mansfield. His style has not always the clarity of hers, but it has much of the same sheen and freshness and penetration. In the comparatively broad form of the novel—which she, of course, never attempted—he creates several characters "in the round"—notably, Ellis, a composer. In his more traditional use of scenes, as well as in his thoughtful, often profound, observations upon the life of his characters, the author resembles more closely Chekhov or Turgeniev.

A parallel might be drawn between Bazarov, in "Fathers and Sons," and Ellis. Both are hard, brittle characters, which may seem strange to us, and, in a sense, difficult to understand, but which we instantly recognize as having a life of their own, which they pursue vigorously and to the end. Spiritually, Ellis is one of the strongest and in many ways most interesting characters in recent novels. We have had few more delightful, high-spirited women in fiction than his wife, Kathleen.

It is a real accomplishment to have created an interesting man who is also a composer; a woman of spirit; and a whole group of lesser characters, from an old dowager to an English man of property and a pair of very real, very interesting children. There is a fine lyricism in the author's style, especially in his descriptions of nature and his treatment of the old Scotch retainers. His people seem to live isolated from the world and concerned in no social problems. In their sometimes inarticulate expressions, their occasional sentimentality, their concern with nature's moods, they are English—but we accept English ways in a novel by an Englishman.

For the best narrative, 2,500 to 6,000 words, of some personal experience, or observation at first hand, which is concerned with an aspect of American life, *Scribner's Magazine* offers a prize of $1,000. "In this contest," its sponsors state, "the amateur has his chance. Given natural aptitude for expression, he can tell best of the life in which he has participated and the experiences which have moved him. The field is as broad as the United States itself."

Manuscripts will be read as quickly as possible and all those which are found suitable will be purchased outright and published. From these the prize winner will be selected.

It will assist the editors if manuscripts are typewritten on one side of the paper and double-spaced.

Manuscripts should bear the name and address of the writer, together with a self-addressed, stamped envelope for their return if found unacceptable.

All persons—regardless of nationality or residence or previous literary experience—are eligible for the contest.

The contest closes June 20.

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The BOWLING GREEN

John Mistletoe, XXIV.

THERE was a morning early in 1914 when the young men on the top floor of Madison Avenue were wakened by snow drifting in on their faces. When Fred and Mistletoe hurried to Penn Station through the storm they found a sign:

All Train Service
to
Long Island
Indefinitely Suspended

They came back to the top floor and spent a happy day catching up with manuscript reading and other odds and ends of work.

Among so many days, somehow that one remains very distinct. The blizzard whistled outside and it was savagely cold, but Lizzie Briers allowed them to borrow the gas stove which belonged in the room of the Hair Culture girls. They sat close and were happy. How many schemes of dominion and enterprise boys can fabricate in one day's busy leisure. Their minds were excited for they had been up late the night before with the proofs of Frank Norris's gruesome lycanthropy novel *Vandover and the Brute*, the posthumous story that was lost in the San Francisco earthquake and lay forgotten for years in a storage warehouse. One of Fred's chores that morning was to finish putting together copy for a circular about Bouck White's *The Carpenter and the Rich Man*. He had a number of excellent quotes, but one more really spirited one was needed to fill the space. He was grunting that he needed just one more blurb, real Grade A, Walker-Gordon quality. Mistletoe had been sitting over the flaming stove reading the book and in combined chill and abstraction had badly singed his breeks. "I'll give you a blurb," he said. He wrote somewhat as follows:—

> A reader says:—Judge whether the book can absorb. The day of the March blizzard I was sitting in my humble attic room reading it as I cowered over the gas stove. In my excitement over Bouck White's thrilling message to society. I quite forgot myself and my poverty until I sprang up with a yell and found I had burned a large hole in my breeches.

Fred was heartily pleased with this tribute, which was literally accurate and just filled the blank in his "envelope stuffer." But the tragedy was this, that by some error in the job printing department this little vie de boheme testimony, having no signature, accidentally got itself attached to a letter about the book written by a wealthy and prominent New York bluestocking, and appeared with ludicrous effect over her signature. Quite a number of copies of the leaflet had got into circulation before yells of mirth began to arise in the Advertising Department. Fred's face, a mobile visnomy exceptionally adapted for expressions of incredulity and shock, was a Gothic gargoyle of dismay. One of our nicknames for him was Ground Gripper, as he always wore roomy safe and sane footgear with that humorous name. Those large and wholesome pedestals always itinerated with great rapidity, but never more so than then. With one loud and profane cry he disappeared in the direction of the job pressroom to halt the flow of these leaves of infamy.

This impending sequel was unsuspected that snowy morning. They were assiduous at their apparently harmless tasks. Mistletoe's dear ambition then was to find a chance to do some book reviewing, and it occurred to him that the best way to break in would be by offering a weekly column free to any editor who would print it. He wrote to John Beffel of the Toledo *Times*, with whom he had had some friendly correspondence. So it was that not long afterward the citizens of Toledo, as a result of a snowstorm in New York, found themselves faced by an occasional causerie called *Books and Byplay*, signed "Andrew McGill." So far as I have ever learned no one but John Beffel and the author ever noticed it, but it was written in a vein of innocent candor and gave Mistletoe much pleasure.

* * *

Instead of commuting to Garden City, a working day in New York, in the muted hush of heavy snowfall, was something to remember. The pleasant semi-domestic feeling of being in one's own citadel; the red and yellow Mexican blanket on the couch; Jack's mandolin; the stuffed bookcase, which was really a very deep rack of shelves built for rolls of wallpaper; we had bought it from a retiring shopkeeper and hoisted it up three flights with furious toil. I don't know how to suggest the staggering power of New York's magic upon a boy to whom everything was new. Oh excellent to receive that dazzling impression upon a totally unprepared mind. In clear autumn days of brilliant light the narrow perpendicular poise of the streets. Fire engines drawn by horses: I can still see a galloping trio of great white beasts bend round from a cross street and go rocketing up the Avenue: silver chimney and boiler with the fire burning underneath, the tolling strokes of the bell; a theme for Walt Whitman. The discovery of old taverns such as McSorley's, one of the most honorably masculine pubs on earth. The little New York office of D. P. and Co. on 32nd Street with its Trade Room at the rear where one sat respectfully listening to the humorous palaver of The Boys, their lively practical joking or interludes of bicker and despondency. By incessant overhearing of such names as Baker-Taylor, American News, Alec Grosset, Harry Burt, Grace Gaige, Marcella Burns, John Kidd, we began to put together a hearsay picture of the business. As a freshman gazes upon the football heroes of the Varsity team so did the young apprentice hearken to these front-line warriors the Salesmen. Into this smoky little den, which in less romantic traffics would be called a Sample Room, came these debonair creatures, fresh from foray against that mystic entity The Trade. The Trade, our means of life and yet which the novice subtly felt (with nascent publishers' instinct) was our Opponent, the other team, cunningly trained and banded against our skill. The Salesmen sat there and talked a language of their own which we had to learn by listening. Richly clad, jocose, sardonic, enchantingly childlike, carrying a subtle aura of adventure and experience, they telephoned vehement imperatives to headquarters, alluded lightly to Mouquin's or pinochle parties. We admired and also were shocked. Why this wasn't dead literature, it was a fascinating fantastic game, packed with diverse personalities and cunning maneuver. On that snowy day, when legwork was mostly suspended, there was much tobacco and talk in the little Trade Room. They probably had lunch at Moretti's, a place rather too lowly for The Boys, but esteemed by young litterateurs. There the table d'hote lunch was 25 cents and plentiful, with a glass of vin ordinaire included.

* * *

That afternoon he and Fred plowed through the snow to look in at Brentano's. They wanted to find out if the Bookseller's Blue Book, on which they were working together, was really any use to the trade. There he made the acquaintance of Silas Howes, the beginning of a delightful relationship. Quiet, reserved, and faintly saddened by life, Howes was in those years always on duty just inside the front door of the old 27th Street shop. He had learned to wear a gently austere mask for self-protection, in which mood we used to call him chaffingly The Deacon; but how his sensitive face lit up when he saw a trusted friend come through the revolving door. To understand, and gradually to love, this true zealot of the finer seriousness of literature, was an opposite side of the picture from the jovial banter of the Trade Room. Mistletoe always puzzled himself by seeing both sides of the picture and loving both equally. Thereafter, until Silas Howes died five years later (then only fifty-one) the boy rarely went through that part of town without stopping in to see him. It was Howes who introduced him to George Gissing, beginning with *Henry Ryecroft*. There was a good little series called the Wayfarer's Library (published by Dutton) which included some volumes of Gissing; it was sometimes Mistletoe's fancy, when buying a book for which he felt an affinity to ask the bookseller to autograph it for him. This was the only kind of autograph collecting he ever cared much for, and it was always agreeable because some book clerks were so startled, even inclined to suspect a sinister trick. But Silas liked the notion and used to write delightfully prim and sober little inscriptions. Sometimes they dined together at the Constantinople, a Turkish restaurant, and would return to Howes' room on Lexington Avenue where he would brew coffee in a percolator given him by William Marion Reedy. By mysterious ways the secret lovers of literature find each other out. In the pressure of his daily service, at the mercy of customers not always considerate, the little man was guardedly polite with old-fashioned Southern civility, but how his pale face brightened when the coffee urn began to bubble and he would talk of his friendship with Ambrose Bierce or his adventure in the Galveston Flood. Good and valiant gentleman, life had not used him easily. At a time when the trader's notion of books was divertingly plain, it was well for these boys to see the purest dignity and devotion of letters living in this man who had once been a drug clerk in Texas. J. M. mentioned his name in the dedication of a book and was keeping it secret to surprise him. Howes died suddenly while the book was still in proof.

* * *

Mistletoe associates this day with one more adventure, though perhaps it was not really the same date. Then, or some afternoon very like it, he first went down to Park Row to see Don Marquis at the *Sun*. Let's forget genteel reticences and speak healthy fact. Of all newly printed words he had seen in New York, Marquis's meant most. He had dreamed of catching literature in the act: here it was in the least anticipated place, an evening newspaper. What matter that it was uneven, sometimes lazy, sometimes slapstick. Here, in arrant fecundity was that strange and many-splendored thing the comic spirit, pure freak of absurdity, pure freak of stinging lyric. The American press has sometimes much to smart for but it can be forgiven anything when you think of the papers—the *Sun*, and the *Tribune*—that saw Don's quality and gave him free hand.

Marquis's column, the *Sun Dial*, had then been running about two years. It had enormous influence on young Mistletoe. He knew at once that he wanted, and must some day attempt, a job like that. He was not silly enough to imagine any comparisons, but he saw the dangerous relish and opportunity of such work. Like many other youngsters of the time he avowed instant allegiance. They were sealed of the Sons of Don, as Stuart lads three centuries earlier were of the Sons of Ben.

Don's newspaper work was grotesque, chameleon, unpredictable, as all richly temperamental stuff must be. At its best, unsurpassable: it rocked with grave or vulgar mirth, then turned on you with an edge that would cut floating silk. Once he was making merry over some idiot Society's prize offer for the best definition of Poetry, and suddenly said "Poetry is what Milton saw when he went blind." Most beloved newspaper man of his time, probably the most persecuted by the well-meaning snappers-up of unconsidered Time, I should want him to remember there were some who knew him as of Rabelais and Clemens blood. His work, and that of Simeon Strunsky on the old *Evening Post*, made it pride to be living in New York. That was the sort of thing to which the young Mistletoes gave their devotion. They would rather be able to write like that, to think like that, than own the Waldorf-Astoria. O rare Don Marquis! Devout and ribald spirit, he also knows the Tavern of Despair. Its fireside bench is well polished by many old customers.

Once, some years later, Mistletoe was writing a notice of one of Marquis's books. He was at home in the country, and to reach the printer before the dead-line the copy had to catch a certain mail. There were only a few minutes, and just at that moment came screams outside the window. The children's kitten had been killed by a dog. After that ghastly interruption, and whatever consolation was possible, he sat down again shaking with nervousness to finish the review. In his agitation he went rather beyond the margin of restraint, exclaiming oddly that the book "comes with a curly tremolo from the midriff" and comparing it to the fierce and tender wisdom of Shakespeare's Fools. Mr. Marquis was not in the least abashed by this affectionate halloo, but more disturbed when he learned that its emotional quality might partly be considered obit for the massacred cat. Therefore I think that Mistletoe would wish, in a calmer moment, to reaffirm the thought.

Mistletoe's young conceptions of literature were startled when he found Don at the *Sun* clacking out his column on a typewriter which stood on an up-ended packing-case. Perhaps it was a grocery box, for I think it was mysteriously stencilled 1 GROSS TOM CATS. That meant Tomato Catsup, but it may have suggested the career of Mehitabel. They went across the alley, where there was an honest dram-shop with alcoves, and the waiter used to bring round a tray of tiny hot sausages to drink with one's beer. Each sausage was impaled with a toothpick for convenience of dispatch.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

An Unlaid Ghost

MOLIÈRE. By JOHN PALMER. New York: Brewer & Warren. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by HILDA NORMAN
The University of Chicago

PERHAPS because Molière had such difficulty in obtaining a seemly burial, perhaps because the location of his grave was forgotten and other bones than his disinterred and honored by later generations, perhaps because he is still hopeful of being understood, his lively ghost continues to haunt writers of every nation. A few years ago it instigated M. G. Michaut of the Sorbonne to collect in three volumes (with a fourth yet to appear) all recent discoveries concerning Molière and to sift out the truth from among the lies and legends which the loss of all Molière's correspondence, the disappearance of certain legal documents, the reticence or slander of contemporaries, and the enthusiasm of his admirers had tangled about him. This work can be read only with grim determination. Molière's ghost was doubtless hopeful of something more palatable when it occurred to him to inspire Mr. Palmer.

That part of Mr. Palmer's work which concerns the life of Molière contains no discoveries and is merely a tale charmingly retold except for many regrettable misprints and blunders. Molière is said to have arrived in Paris a year later than he really did; the "Précieuses Ridicules" to have been produced a year earlier than it was; the Petit-Bourbon theater falls about Molière's ears in 1661 when he was already playing on the Palais-Royal stage; and Molière's children are born and baptized at impossible times. In the chapters "Royal Diversions" and "Impious in Medicine," the author bases calculations on incorrect dates with a most confusing result. If sources had been read a little more carefully Mr. Palmer would not have given to an undated letter of Chapelle's the date of the Du Parcs' departure from Molière's troupe nor would he have called the philosopher John Locke, Thomas, and slipped him into the wrong century; nor said that the farces, "La Jalousie du Barbouillé" and "Le Médecin Volant," were published in the 1734 edition of Molière's works when they were not included until 1845. Besides such errors, the unsatisfactory and inaccurate bibliography is to be regretted.

Aside from these matters of detail, the book has many virtues. It reconstructs a picturesque era and gives a generous, understanding portrait of a man. Molière is excellently related to his friends, his enemies and his time. Many of the old anecdotes are retained for their colorfulness, but the biographer notes their lack of authenticity. Molière is shown as important in his day largely because he was valet-tapissier to the king. He was novel as a writer because he appeared to his generation to be a realist. The originality of subject matter counted for little then; no copyrights protected the authors and printed books might be pillaged without challenge. Mr. Palmer, drawing from seventeenth century witnesses, insists much on Molière as a serious contemplative observer and thinker, rather disappointing company at times, not a person quick to make friends, but one slow to lose them. Molière wears the melancholy expression of his portrait by Mignard in the Château of Chantilly. Was there cause for this sadness in the writer's private life? Mr. Palmer rejects all scandal and it is to be hoped that future biographers of Molière will cease to question the fact that Armande Béjart was the sister of Madeleine and not her daughter and will be content to call Armande frivolous instead of attributing to her faults of which there are no proofs. Incompatability between husband and wife there certainly was, and this added to Molière's ill health, anxieties concerning his troupe, and difficulties with Lulli, suffice to account for his sadness.

Mr. Palmer excels in his interpretation of Molière's plays and he might have done better to have confined himself to this phase of the subject and developed it more fully. As it is he has characterized each play in a few clever phrases. For instance "L'Étourdi," in spite of faulty construction, was a success because Molière's art "often consists less in avoiding improbabilities than in getting his audience in the mood to disregard them." He fails in the serious "Dom Garcie" because he is not interested in emotion but in intelligence, whereas Shakespeare fails in satirical comedy because he cannot remain detached but identifies himself with his characters and becomes emotional. Molière puts himself in his plays only in so far as he "creates in reaction from his personal misadventures rather than in an effort to perpetuate or record them." Molière is laughing at his own probable future jealousy in Sganarelle of "L'Ecole des Maris" in whom he derides his own shortcomings thinking "there, but for the grace of God, go I." He mocks his own frank sincerity in Alceste, that thorn in the flesh of society, thinking that he would be just such a social boor and lover, had he not also the balance of a Philinte. The chapter in which the "Misanthrope" is treated, well named the Golden Mean, is one of the best for an understanding of Molière's philosophy.

Here and there Mr. Palmer shows an interesting tendency to interpret in the light of psychoanalysis. The double personality with which Sosie toys, and Jupiter making plain that he is a lover rather than a husband, seem early hints of Pirandello. Armande of "Les Femmes Savantes" is a victim of inhibitions and complexes. The egoism of Sganarelle of "L'École des Maris" is pathological:

> The drunken egoist embraces in his rival an embodiment of his own triumph; his sudden sympathy is due to a vivid sense of the defeat which he believes himself to have successfully escaped. The pity of the egoist for others is never more than a vicarious compassion for himself.

The dinner scene of "Don Juan" turns into farce when the statue appears because "farce is the language of hysteria" and the dramatist has thus chosen the best possible way of showing the true state of mind of his protagonist.

The reader will find many more enlightening comments on the plays than can be given here, for Mr. Palmer, by his style and his insight if not altogether by his accuracy, has shown himself worthy of his subject.

American Standards

PRONUNCIATION: A Practical Guide to American Standards. By THORLEIF LARSEN and FRANCIS C. WALKER. New York: Oxford University Press. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP
Columbia University

THIS is a practical book, intended for the layman who may be in doubt about certain pronunciations and who wishes an authoritative opinion which may help to settle his doubts. The book is characterized throughout by moderation and good sense, and no one need fear to trust himself to its guidance. It is designed mainly for American use, but it takes account of important British variants, and it escapes the unhappy error so common in books of this type of assuming that all pronunciations made in England are better than any made in America. The authors wisely avoid elaborate phonetic discussions, both of the physiology of speech and of the phonetic analysis of particular sounds. Their effort has been to present a picture of usage, as determined by actual practice, and in this field good judgment and wide observation are of greater importance than laboratory experimentation.

The materials of the book are arranged under the various sounds of the language, and this method directs the student to what is the kernel of the whole matter, that is, the ability to recognize sounds when they are heard. The sounds themselves are represented not by phonetic symbols, but by uses and combinations of the letters of the English alphabet familiar to all persons interested in such discussions. This organization is supplemented by an ample index at the end, in alphabetic order, by which the reader can readily find the words discussed in the text. The treatment of the several sounds of the language is followed by a useful chapter on accentuation, one on current proper names, both British and American, one on the pronunciation of Biblical names, one on the pronunciation of Greek and Latin words, and a final chapter on French, German, and Latin words as they are used in English.

The book has the merit of not being overdone. The authors do not approach the question of pronunciation in fear and trembling as a perilous situation that can be satisfactorily met only by taking the most elaborate precautions. They do not advocate a precise, professional pronunciation, but place authority in speech where it properly belongs, on the level of current cultivated intercourse. If current speech is not altogether uniform in its practices, they recognize this fact and leave to the speaker that liberty of personal choice which is always a mark of polite society.

"Faust" in Translation

FAUST. A Tragedy. By JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE. Translated by ALICE RAPHAEL. With an Introduction for the Modern Reader by MARK VAN DOREN and Woodcuts by LYND WARD. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1930.

Reviewed by JOHN A. WALZ
Harvard University

GOETHE and his "Faust" are in no danger of becoming antiquated in the English-speaking world, if we may judge by the number of "Faust" translations that have appeared in recent years. There are two translations by the Englishmen Todhunter (1924) and Cookson (1927); there is a translation by the Canadian Van der Smissen (1926), and one by the American William Andrews (1929). There is the stately volume on "Goethe and Faust" by Florence M. Stawell and G. Lowes Dickinson (1928). It is the continuation of a tradition which began with George Soane in 1822, who translated some five hundred lines of "Faust" and received the hearty approval of Goethe himself. No work of modern literature has attracted so many English and American translators as "Faust," but of all the "Faust" translators Shelley alone was a poet in his own right, and he unfortunately contented himself with the translation of two scenes, the "Prologue in Heaven" and "Walpurgisnacht." Whether Bayard Taylor, whose translation is the best known and the most highly praised, may be called a poet is a question on which critics will disagree. Shakespeare has been more fortunate in finding in August Wilhelm Schlegel a German translator who combined deep understanding of the original with rare skill and power in his own language.

Alice Raphael's translation of the first part of "Faust" deserves a high place among English "Faust" translations. She has thoroughly familiarized herself with the original, she knows her "Faust." She renders the sense correctly and is rarely caught napping as on p. 31, where she says: "Shall I obey each inner urge?" for the German "Soll ich gehorchen jenem Drang?" (l. 631), or on p. 51, "The Silberbach into golden streams would flow," where she curiously enough retains the German word Silberbach as though it were a proper name, or on p. 262, "Voices from Above," where she unfortunately uses the plural instead of the singular.

It was clearly the translator's intention to render the poem into the English of to-day, hence the absence of archaisms and a minimum of poetic license in word order and word formation. The vocabulary is modern and avoids the "poetic" words of traditional English poetry. There are no Germanisms in sentence structure and elsewhere such as abound in Bayard Taylor's translation, rendering it at times obscure and often difficult to follow. It cannot be said of the translation what Barrett Wendell said regarding Taylor's work: "The result in no wise resembles normal English." The difference in style between the two translations is well illustrated by line 595, "Wir müssen diesmal unterbrechen," a line in itself quite unimportant. Taylor says: "Our converse here must be suspended," Alice Raphael: "Our conversation now must end."

The translation aims to follow the metres and rhyme scheme of the original without being a slavish imitation. Feminine rhymes, so common and natural in German, are regularly replaced by masculine rhymes to the advantage of the translation, for as Bayard Taylor's numerous feminine rhymes show, they tend to make the translation stilted and affected unless handled with the utmost skill.

There can be no quarrel with the translation on the score of fidelity to sense, but that is not sufficient for a work of art such as "Faust." Matthew Arnold doubted the possibility of any one person adequately translating the whole of the poem: " 'Faust' is composed of parts so disparate that one translator is not likely to have the requisite gifts for poetically rendering all of them." The poem runs the whole gamut of human thought and emotions, from the sublime beauty of the songs of the archangels to the cynical colloquialisms of Mephistopheles and the natural sweetness and simplicity of Gretchen. The translator's power of language is not equal to that. We may say, contemporary English, which she has chosen as her vehicle, is not equal to it; it requires the great traditions of English poetry. The translator must be Shakespearian, Miltonic, and also strictly modern to do justice to "Faust." Furthermore, the translator must have a sense of rhythm and an ear for the melody of language, and here is perhaps the weakest part of the translation. It is deficient in rhythmical and musical qualities which contribute so much to the power and the charm of the original. Alice Raphael's "Faust" is a noble effort and at times comes close to the original, but it may be said of her translation what Bayard Taylor in a private letter said of his own: "I freely admit that nothing in it equals the original, and that there is no passage where some of the German bloom is not lost in the English words." Goethe's "Faust" is still waiting for an adequate English rendering.

International Affairs

AMERICAN FOREIGN RELATIONS, 1930: Prepared under the direction of CHARLES P. HOWLAND, Director of Research of the Council on Foreign Relations. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

IT is hardly to be expected that an annual publication can maintain exactly the same level year after year. The first two volumes of the series of which the book under review is the third were informed by a spirit of almost Olympian detachment—a spirit which not only compelled objectivity but set the vast problems considered in a new and clearer light. The 1930 volume maintains the same high standard as to accuracy, completeness, and objectivity, but the illumination is less brilliant than in its predecessors.

The discussion of the New Pacific, which occupies the first three-fifths of the book, is a competent survey of the problems of that area which will serve the purposes of ready reference. But it savors more of encyclopedic compilation than of the ripe scholarship to which Professor Howland has accustomed us.

The two remaining sections, one dealing with World Order and Coördination and the other with Post-War Financial Relations, are even more useful because they bring together material less readily available elsewhere. Nowhere to the reviewer's knowledge has the lack of progress in disarmament been so succinctly demonstrated. And the analysis of the Young Plan and Germany's economic situation furnishes a welcome antidote to much of the defeatist talk that is all too current.

If the series as it continues can sustain the high level of this third volume, it will long remain one of the few indispensable aids to the student of international affairs.

Lord David Cecil, lecturing on "The Lost Art of Invective," assured a London audience that "soldiers and sailors lacked variety of language, and bargees were much overrated and were chiefly remarkable for a pleasing, old-fashioned courtesy." Never had there been so much to curse as we had in modern life—and yet the art of cursing was in obvious decay. "To be effective invective must be full-minded; it must be precise and it must be whole-hearted. We must learn how to curse, and I am here to aid the revival."

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

SOME time ago we think we commented upon Roy Campbell's new book of poems, ADAMASTOR, which we had read while in England. Now, however it is published over here by Lincoln MacVeagh, with a jacket-sash bearing comments from Arnold Bennett and Edith Sitwell. Bennett speaks of Campbell's "crude and primeval" emotions, and says, "he is a prodigious master of words," and Edith Sitwell calls him "a poetic tornado." There is truth in both assertions. Campbell is full of virility. His epithet is usually striking. His images are often striking, sometimes violent. He writes, however, in regular metre and rhyme, in traditional forms, save where he introduces, for instance, an octosyllabic sonnet. He has plenty of color and fire and there is decisiveness to his verse. The best poem in the present book is "Mazeppa," a parable of the poet. The eyes of Mr. Campbell's imagination see very clearly and his imagination enters into the senses of those of whom he writes. Here goes, for instance, his horse, in "Mazeppa":

Three days had passed, yet could not check
nor tire
That cyclone whirling in its spire of sand:
Charged with resounding cordite, as they
broke
In sudden flashes through the flying smoke,
The fusillading hoofs in rapid fire
Rumbled a dreary volley through the land.

It is at description that Mr. Campbell excels, and his descriptive genius uses a great many modern objects and expressions to make it particularly vivid. He is also a fine, bitter satirist, one who not infrequently can, in his own words,

with a flashing pen harpoon
Terrific metaphors of speed.

The freshness and muscularity of his language is exhilarating. His "The Albatross" is a most remarkable poem. For sheer drunkenness of metaphor we have read nothing like it since some of Francis Thompson and Campbell's own "The Flaming Terrapin." Yet even

The red moon charged at me with lowered
horns,
Buffalo-shouldered by the gloom of night.

somehow prevails upon us. It is easy to say *tour de force*. We have noticed that that is always the first cry raised against work that has true abandon of imagination. The critics are always so easily perturbed. But then the critics usually like to sip a thin wine, while the best poetry is frequently a matter of the poet getting divinely intoxicated with language. Campbell's poems at least have clean, strong structure. They are well-knit. Moreover, they are grammatical, a peculiar thing to find among much modern work! Their statement is straightforward. Even when in his youthfully bitter poem, "Poets in Africa," which contains such fine lines as the one about being "stung by the tarantulas of truth," Campbell indulges in a crashing verse such as this:

When in the moonlight, red and bloody,
The night has smeared the plain,
We rise from awful nights of study
With coal-red eyes and whirling brain—
Our minds like dark destructive engines
Prepare those catapults and slings
In whose preliminary vengeance
The thunder of the Future sings

we may smile a little at the close approach to the borderland of parody, at the oratorical brag, but we cannot deny the ring and hiss of the words. In the same poem Campbell declares his intention never to "pander" in "snivelling sentiment," or to "chirrup" like the little frogs in the swamp. And he actually speaks of the earth's "annual eczema of flowers, the pullulation of its stars," which is original at least! There is overstress in these poems, let it be admitted. There is the tendency to shout in order to be heard, but let us be thankful for the real vigor that informs them.

THE SELECTED POEMS OF RICHARD ROWLEY, a Belfast poet, are published by Macmillan. Let us contrast the Irishman with the South African. Here too is a modern, whose modernism is not in forms but in spirit. Mr. Rowley, in his opening poem, tells us that he finds his songs in the city. His second is in dialect put in the mouth of a woman whose man the Machines killed. She has her own ordinary human word to say about the beauty of machines. This is the day of the worship of machinery. But she suddenly gives us a directly intimate view of that same menace that Samuel Butler found in them. The next poem is of the "legions of labor," terrible as an army with banners tramping home "thro' the winter eve." Then come other soliloquies, of the betrayed-by-life, of the toil-worn.

Mr. Rowley's lyrics are of the type with which one is more or less acquainted in traditional Irish verse. But every once in a while a new quirk of idea or expression appears very pleasingly. It is so of the piper who piped to Moses and drank up all the drink in the house and finally had "all the scribes of the Synagogue" "throwing their robes away and tramping time with their feet." There is this twist of versification to "The Lass wi' the Frolicsome Eye,"

In the mountain loaney at dayligone
A neat wee thing passed me by,
An' bright was her glance from in under
her shawl,
The lass wi' the frolicsome eye.
"Is it goin' your lone you are, all on
your own you are?
Wait, for I'm comin' your road."
Sez she, "How were you knowin' the way
I'd be goin',
For sorra a bit myself knowed?"

There are also ballads and narratives and even two one-act plays, one of which "Apollo in Mourne," was produced in 1926 by the Northern Drama League in the Central Hall, Belfast. It is a characteristically Irish fantasy of Apollo coming down from Olympus and soothering Mary the Irish girl till she is willing to follow him over the world save that Paddy Soye comes in at that moment with his tale of buying "thon wee pig o' McManus's." The contrast of the Olypian's speeches and the speech of the mortals is delightful. The narrative poems are chiefly of revelations from heaven, but contain some good human touches and some excellent natural description. Of the ballads, "Cul' Kate in Heaven" deals colloquially with an old washerwoman who could find no peace there without some washing to do and to be singing "The Protestant Boys." It is charming but would be better were it half the length. "The Ballad of Judas" is well-handled, but does not impress as much as the more ancient "Ballad of Judas Iscariot." On the whole, though he disavows poets who sing in the ivory tower, Mr. Rowley is in the main quite traditional, and has been unable, save in intention, to get away from the main current of Irish poetry or to develop a style that sets him apart. He does well what others have done before him. He has human sympathy and an interesting fancy, but his use of language is only competent, never more than that. Beside Campbell he loses distinction, though he never writes badly and develops good ideas.

It seems about time now that a new poetic genius of the first water came out of Ireland. Yeats is probably the greatest living poet in the English tongue, but it is long since Yeats was a young man. He is now a veteran. James Stephens is notable, but we wonder whether his best work has not been done. Ledwidge sang with great beauty and pathos before he was killed in the war. Padraic Colum, who has adopted our country, is still writing beautiful poetry, and he after all is the most modern in speech of the present notable Irish poets, as he can also be the most ancient. But it is with the Irish that the true gift of language has often and often seemed to reside, and we wait with impatience for new singers of the stature of Yeats and AE, of Colum and Stephens.

We wait also for new masculine American singers who will attempt more narrative poetry than has been done in this country recently. The exceptions to this rule are known by all, but the best poetry, certainly in the lyric of recent years has been written by American women. When most of the men essay narrative they do not seem to possess the passion for language, or the sense of color, or the proper sense of drama concerning the life of their age or the history of their country that is necessary. It is in prose that most of the masculine writers do their best work. There has been some notable historical description in the prose, notable imagination in the novel. The recent growth of biographical works has made apparent what a wealth of material this country holds for all sorts of descriptive poetry, both in its past and its present. There are few who will attempt the large theme, few—we had almost said —who will take the pains. Yet narrative poetry can furnish a marvelous vehicle for striking descriptive drama when it is wielded by a thoroughly trained poet who still preserves the lyrical impulse.

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The Lookout

THE boy with eight screech-owls to feed had a busy time of it, catching mice for them in the haymow, but that was long before he became a dignified professor. But his vivid, happy memories create much of the charm that runs through the pages of "The Wissahickon Hills." This book about nature grows out of a lifetime of tramping and a rich feeling for the moods of the fields and the woods. Prof. Cornelius Weygandt looks back vividly to the days when he became acquainted with ducks, flickers and warblers, and sought out the ripening plum and wild cherry. His interest did not cease with boyhood, for he studied the hills anew with a man's understanding. University of Pennsylvania Press, Philadelphia, Pa., issues "The Wissahickon Hills" at $4.

T. S. ELIOT'S influence on his own generation is attested anew by Prof. George Williamson whose book, "The Donne Tradition," a study in English poetry from Donne to the death of Cowley, is most timely. Donne's remarkable "sensuous and emotional apprehension of thought" is the subject of prolonged comment by Prof. Williamson, who examines the glamorous nature of the tradition inspired by Donne. which today weaves a spell over so many poets. Then as now, "his disciples were conscious of more in the master than they were able to imitate." Prof. Williamson discovers this in Donne's own character, which made him welcome every adventure in learning with a frenzy of emotion. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass. ($3).

NEW ZEALAND, on the other side of the world, has much to tell Americans. Its financial health, its economic condition, its regulation of wages and maternal legislation, offer many timely suggestions to this country. Women form half the electorate of New Zealand and their votes are not without influence. J. B. Condliffe, for twenty-five years associated with teaching there, has written a compact, illuminating and critical study of the forces that make this land in "New Zealand in the Making," which is issued by the University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Ill., at $5.

"THIS Man Flexner" is a phrase apt to start a heated discussion at any moment in the corridors of American universities. Large headlines and noisy controversy greeted Abraham Flexner's book, "Universities: American, English, German," because his challenge to scholarship was spirited and his criticism deserved. But today the book is being widely read for its constructive ideas. Only a man who knew American university methods from within the walls could ask educators so pointedly whether or not they were losing their way in the maze of modern activities. The chapters on English and German universities, also the result of personal investigation, deserve close attention because the author has American conditions and needs in mind. Oxford University Press, New York City, $3.50.

"SHE was a woman of uncommon abilities and understanding." So reads the eighteenth century epitaph over the grave of Sarah Byng Osborn, one of the Osborns of Quicksands Priory. Today we might use the vernacular and say that executive ability was distinctly hers. In a compilation called "Letters of Sarah Byng Osborn," we get another view of the eighteenth century in England, seen through the eyes of a woman conversant with court affairs, interested in political changes. Many of the personalities she discusses have familiar names—Admiral Byng, Pitt, Lord Chatham, Lady Amelia Stanhope, Lord Cornwallis, and the old Duchess of Marlborough. Stanford University Press, Stanford University, California, publishes this book at $2.25.

THE publication of "Pilgrims of '48" is prophetic of coming studies in American history. When the effect of European migrations on American political and social life comes to be studied more eagerly, the influence of the "Forty-eighters" exiled from Austria and Germany will be carefully valued. These men fought for free speech until overwhelmed, then brought their flaming ideas to America and here found happiness. Their descendants include illustrious men, of whom one, Louis Brandeis, sits in the Supreme Court of the United States. "Pilgrims of '48" describes the adventures of Dr. Joseph Goldmark, told by Josephine Goldmark against a background of Austrian political history. Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn., has issued this book at $4.

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Foreign Literature

Australian Letters

AN OUTLINE OF AUSTRALIAN LITERATURE. By H. M. GREEN. Sydney, Australia: Whitcombe & Tombs. 1930.

Reviewed by C. HARTLEY GRATTAN
Author of "Australian Literature"

STUDENTS of Australian literature have been handicapped in recent years by the lack of an up-to-date historical survey of the field. Such manuals as were written in the past have long been unavailable and indeed mostly unknown to all but the most meticulous specialists. The last comprehensive survey was issued in 1898, and between that date and the publication of the manual I am about to discuss only two short essays dealing exclusively with recent writers have been published, one appearing in 1922 and the other in 1924. The latter, "Modern Australian Literature," by Nettie Palmer, is described in this new history as "within its limits, almost perfect." Indeed it is, and it is a pity that Mrs. Palmer, who writes so perspicaciously, does not turn her hand to a survey of the whole field.

H. M. Green's "An Outline of Australian Literature" is, in consequence of the facts noted, bound to be welcomed heartily. Fortunately, Mr. Green's monograph has very considerable merits. For one thing, he has been well situated to do his task. As Librarian of the University of Sydney he has had immediate access to a considerable collection of Australiana and, being resident in Sydney, he has been able to draw upon the unequalled resources of the Mitchell Library, the Mecca of all students of Australia. Yet throughout the book Mr. Green is forced to note that this book and that book is unavailable to him, and even when he has been able to get a rare book for his own reading, he is acutely conscious of the fact that the general reader will not be so fortunate. Australian literature cannot be read easily even by students. This difficulty does not apply only to curious books or odd items or even to very early productions, but to the fundamental classics. It is as if Americans generally were denied access to Hawthorne or Melville or Henry James. But Mr. Green has seemingly read carefully everything he could lay hands on and stopped to evaluate each item scrupulously. Furthermore, he has conscientiously sought out biographical data for incorporation into his text, which adds to its usefulness. What his monograph lacks in felicity of expression it makes up in comprehensiveness, bibliographical and biographical. He is not, unfortunately, a particularly persuasive critic or even a consistently discerning one.

He errs, to my way of thinking, in a typically Australian fashion and that is in giving too much space and too much praise to poetry. Australian literary people have, as long as they have functioned at all, identified the literary art with poetry and even when the bulk of their output has been in prose they have felt it incumbent on them to write at least one volume of verse. Yet in spite of all the effort expended, Australian poetry is pretty poor stuff, with only an occasional piece of quality. Needless to say, there is not a poet of more than local significance in the whole literature. Mr. Green, for example, devotes several pages to the poetry of Hugh Raymond McCrae, an "artist" who commands an immense amount of respect in Australia. A careful reading of Mr. McCrae's verse leads to but one conclusion: he is essentially the same sort of artist as the Americans, T. B. Aldrich, E. C. Stedman, and R. H. Stoddard, a rose and dishwater sort of fellow, hardly worth a paragraph in any really critical history. Of vastly more importance is Bernard O'Dowd, to whom Mr. Green devotes some attention, but in paragraphs burdened with implied disapproval. O'Dowd is unfortunately somewhat didactic, but he is a man to reckon with; he has strength and massiveness; while McCrae can only interest "poetry lovers."

With regard to the prose writers, so vastly more important than the versifiers, Mr. Green is more reliable. He discusses in detail such figures as Marcus Clarke, Henry Lawson, Rolfe Boldrewood, Henry Kingsley, Tom Collins, Dowell O'Reilly, Louis Stone, Vance Palmer, Randolph Bedford, Katherine Prichard, H. H. Richardson, Norman Lindsay, and others of lesser importance. It is, then, not at all difficult to chart a course through the Australian wilderness of prose fiction. It is the poetry that trips one up, for it is of enormous quantity, trying to read, and obscured by a fog of traditionalized emotional evaluations.

If I were asked to name the most important Australian writers without regard to extrinsic considerations I should name Henry Lawson (1869-1922), Tom Collins (1843-1913), Henry Handel Richardson, and Katherine Prichard. Mr. Green seems to agree. From a reading of their writings one can draw fairly adequate conclusions about Australian life and literature. The somewhat neurotic view projected in Richardson's Mahony trilogy is corrected by the healthy pessimism of Lawson's sketches and the critical optimism of Tom Collins's masterly, if intensely personal, novel. Miss Prichard, further, introduces one to phases of Australian life none of the others touch and presents them with fine critical realism. That the dominant qualities of a nation's literature can be found in four writers of comparatively recent times is not so remarkable when we consider the fact that the whole literary history of the country covers but one hundred and thirty-five years, if one includes a most unliterary source document as the first landmark, and but eighty-five years if one waits for a book of literary pretentions to turn up. Yes, if a foreigner reads "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony," by H. H. Richardson, "Such Is Life," by Tom Collins, "While the Billy Boils," by Henry Lawson, "Coonardoo," by Katherine Prichard, looks into an anthology of Australian verse, say Percival Serle's, one is doing Australian literature rather decent justice. Most of the rest is for those who have, like the reviewer, a particular interest based on a residence in the country. And no one other than a specialist of the deepest dye would undertake to read the approximately two hundred and fifty writers mentioned and discussed in Mr. Green's book.

If one must go on a detailed and meticulous exploring expedition, however, Mr. Green's monograph is the best guide book now available. He promises another and more comprehensive volume shortly which will "attempt . . . to relate the literature of each period to its social, political, and other conditions." It is a book which one awaits with impatience, for Australia, if not very fertile in great literature, is a laboratory for the study of social evolution.

Foreign Notes

Madame de Pompadour's copy of Homer fetched £147 at the recent sale of the late Lord Birkenhead's library. A set of Dickens first editions was sold for 150 guineas, and a collection of Goldsmith's works for 100 guineas. Most of Lord Birkenhead's books were beautifully bound. If they had been in their original covers many of them would have fetched much higher prices.

The Goncourt Prize for 1930 has been awarded to Henri Fauconnier's "Malaisie" (Paris: Stock). It is the story of a gentle youth of the Malay Peninsula who ran amuck and met a violent death. The tale itself is simple, but M. Fauconnier has written it with rare beauty and charm. He has lived for years among the people he describes and absorbed not only knowledge of them but something of their philosophy.

Charles Tennyson, grandson and literary executor of the poet, is to bring out before long further early unpublished poems of his grandfather's. Tennyson's extraordinary precocity is well known, and it is therefore not surprising to find that the verses that are now to be published were written around his fourteenth year.

A new novel, entitled "Father," is now receiving its final revision at the hands of "Elizabeth" and will be issued in the Spring.

A correspondent writing of the late Neil Munro to the *Manchester Guardian* says:

"Dr. Neil Munro was a great figure in contemporary Scottish life and letters, and is forever assured of a high place in the history of modern Scottish literature. Munro did three things that assure him of that distinguished place. He wore the mantle of R. L. Stevenson with grace and a special dignity of his own in the province of the romantic novel; he gave expression in fiction to the character of the West of Scotland Gael in a manner unsurpassed by any previous writer, and he contributed several priceless lyrics to the *corpus poeticum boreale*.

"To complete his picture as a literary figure, it should perhaps be added that he was a master of the art of journalism, and in that sphere was perhaps unapproached by any of his contemporaries living in Scotland.

"As Hardy was the novelist of Dorset, so Munro was the novelist of the northern parts of Argyllshire. He was a regional writer, drawing his inspiration from the soil that had given him birth."

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THAT notorious best-selling Chicago crime paper "X Marks the Spot," has its rival in this collection of criminal cases by the head of the Paris police. These inside stories come direct from headquarters. Most important among them is **the first official account** of the life, death, and trial of the famous courtesan and spy, Mata Hari, taken completely from the French Police Records.

Here are the headline murderers of yesteryear, Landru, the "Bluebeard," Eddie Guerin, who escaped from Devil's Island, Chicago May Churchill, Caserio, assassin of President Carnot, the Egyptian Pranzani, slayer of courtesans, burglars, common thieves, white slavers, drug-traffickers. Such an authentic collection of mysterious, sudden and chilling deaths has not appeared in America since Poe's "Murders in the Rue Morgue."

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For you who shrink from all but "light things which amuse" and thus miss the thrills of great literature . . . . . so unaware of your innate power of appreciation that you imagine yourself unable to enjoy the great pictures opening new windows upon a world of beauty . . . . . so beset by the belief that "cultured" and "high hat" are synonymous that you limit the scope of your own mind.

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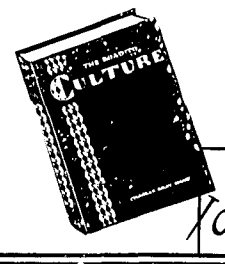
The ROAD TO CULTURE



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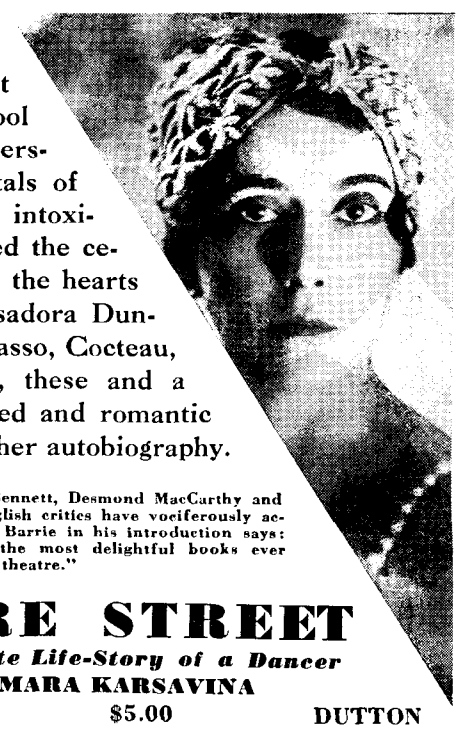
"On enchanted toes one day the beautiful Tamara Karsavina floated out of the famous Imperial School of the Ballet in old St. Petersburg to conquer the capitals of Europe." Her glamorous, intoxicating personality captivated the celebrities of all Europe and the hearts of its people. Pavlowa, Isadora Duncan, Fokine, Diaghleff, Picasso, Cocteau, Chaliapin, Hugh Walpole, these and a hundred others as renowned and romantic parade across the pages of her autobiography.



Priestley, Arnold Bennett, Desmond MacCarthy and other first-line English critics have vociferously acclaimed it. J. M. Barrie in his introduction says: "This is one of the most delightful books ever written about the theatre."

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The Intimate Life-Story of a Dancer
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Points of View

"Physics" and Platonism

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

F. S. C. Northrop, at the close of a lengthy article on "Physics and Platonism" in your issue of December 27, set forth certain objections to the mathematical theory of nature, but did not mention what to my mind is the most important objection to this theory.

It is easy to demonstrate that the world is not what it appears to be. The first man who noted that a straight stick partly submerged in water appears crooked must have realized that. Roses are not red, violets are not blue, sugar is not sweet, and you aren't either. Roses are red, if at all, only in the sense that they are capable, through the media of light and the optic nerve, of producing in consciousness the sensation called red. Red exists only in the mind, though the simple animal mind naively imagines that it is a property of the object. What is true of color may well be true of form.

But the Platonist maintains that a world which cannot be known through the senses may be known through reason. Unfortunately, the senses are our only means of direct contact with the world. Reason must operate with data furnished by them. But if the senses are liars and their data false, how is reason to discover reality? It can only analyze an illusion. If the physicists can resolve form into mathematical relations, they have only resolved an illusion into its constituents. It follows that the mathematical relations are illusory also. If it is naive to regard the sense world as real, it is equally naive and less excusable to regard ideas derived from the analysis of that world as real. If reality is not known through the senses, it is unknowable.

Both sensations and ideas are subjective. Mind can know nothing but itself. To be known to us, objects must create in us images and ideas to represent them. This they do, not arbitrarily, but by a definite process of natural law; hence these images and ideas are not meaningless, but the properly accredited representatives of nature. For most purposes the images serve best, but the physicists are entitled to employ the mathematical conception if it is more useful to them, provided they recognize that it is a symbol and not an objective reality.

I think Professor Northrop is mistaken in believing that the recognition that the world is not what it appears tends to destroy interest in science. The world is the more fascinating because of its mystery, and because of its marvellous property of representing itself in consciousness by beautiful imagery and ideas. Art also is ineffable truth presented in symbolic form. It can be produced and appreciated so long as we are more concerned with the truth than with the form, but dies when we emphasize the form and regard it, with Croce, as creation rather than discovery. Science likewise dies when we emphasize the form nature takes in our minds rather than nature itself. For that is intellectual narcism, a turning in upon ourselves, which is spiritual death.

SAMUEL LOGAN SANDERSON.
Sevierville, Tennessee.

Baby Lions and Black Leopards

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

On November 15th, my little book, "Circus Babies," was reviewed in the *Saturday Review of Literature* by Miss Allen Chaffee, who is also, I understand, a writer of animal stories. I had hoped to let her comments pass unnoticed, but some of her remarks have excited so much wonder that I have repeatedly been urged to answer and correct them, therefore I trust you will kindly grant me the needed space in your valued magazine.

The part of the review which attracts most attention is that in which Miss Chaffee says: "Presented in the habiliments of realism, it (the story) contains much that is not true to fact. Baby lions do not ride on their father's backs to amuse human children, nor are there black leopards, nor mother elephants with masculine length tusks."

Had Miss Chaffee carefully read my book, she would know that I never once mentioned *any* elephant's tusks. And what grudge has your reviewer against the poor, black leopard that she tries to rob it of its small place in the sun? Or is it possible that Miss Chaffee really does not know that this rather common animal exists? In that case, she might like to visit the zoo in New York, where the attendant will, I am sure, allow her to stand before the black leopard's cage just as long as she chooses to study that fascinating creature. And when Miss Chaffee returns home, it might please her to continue her study by consulting some good reference book. The "Century Dictionary," "International Encyclopedia," and "Chamber's Encyclopedia" all contain interesting paragraphs about the *black leopard.*

And truly, a baby lion has been known to ride on its father's back, but whether or not it did this with the conscious intention of amusing human children is a question we may easily leave to the learned professors to discuss while we lean back and smile.

ELIZABETH GALE.

A Classic Remark

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Allan Nevins, reviewing in *The Saturday Review of Literature* Jefferson Williamson's "The American Hotels: An Anecdotal History" (Knopf), says:

"He offers evidence for the assertion that it was at White Sulphur hotel that the governor of North Carolina made his classic remark to the governor of South Carolina. . . ."

But that same remark—which you shall find cited in a tale of Kipling's—was a commonplace down this way long prior to the consulship of Zeb Vance, the North Carolina governor to whom it is nowadays ascribed. Or so says the precise A. S. Salley, secretary, the Historical Commission of South Carolina than whom no research worker knows more intimately the source materials of Carolinian history.

Moreover, if memory preserves intact the unguarded casual remarks of grandfathers, on their return from "taking the waters" in Virginia, there was never a day or night, at the White Suphur of their time, when it was "a long time between drinks." On the contrary, indeed; very much *au contraire!*

McDAVID HORTON,
Managing Editor, *The State.*
Columbia, S. C.

A Textual Error

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I wish to point out a textual error in the American editions of "The Way of All Flesh" which removes the sting from one of Samuel Butler's wittiest sallies—a characteristic gibe at Tennyson. Ernest, upon discovering that his marriage to Ellen is invalid, immediately carries the good news to Mr. Overton. In the course of their brief conversation Ernest tempers his joy with the statement that he had been fond of Ellen until she took to drinking. Overton's reply, a quotation from Tennyson, makes up the fifth paragraph of chapter LXXVII. The Dutton edition, introduction by William Lyon Phelps, edited by R. A. Streatfeild, ninth printing, 1919, p.385, gives it as follows: "Perhaps; but is it not Tennyson who has said: 'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all'?" This reading also appears in the Modern Library, the Everyman's Library, and the Macmillan Modern Readers' Series editions of the novel. I have been unable to see the Shrewsbury Collected Edition.

The correct reading of Overton's reply is indicated by the following quotation from H. F. Jones' "Samuel Butler, A Memoir," The Macmillan Company, 1919, Vol. II, p. 13: "Several unimportant misprints occurred in the first edition of the book and one important one, which was corrected in the edition of 1908. What Edward Overton (chap. LXXVII) really said was, "'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have lost at all," and it was right in the proofs; but some cultured printer's reader, who had too seriously taken to heart Lord Salisbury's recommendation to verify your references, "corrected" it after the last revise had been passed. Edward Overton was "quoting from memory," and this particular piece of wickedness was hit upon as a pendant to that other in Chapter iv of "Alps and Sanctuaries":

Mr. Tennyson has well said, "There lives more doubt" —I quote from memory— "in honest faith, believe me, than in half the systems of philosophy," or words to that effect.

"Butler could not for a long time make up his mind how to use the one about loving and losing because, if applied to any one who was dead, it was difficult to manage without giving offence; ultimately this conversation was built up to meet the case."

Overton's garbled quotation from Tennyson, as given by Jones, may be found in the twelfth impression of the second edition of "The Way of All Flesh," A. C. Fifield, London, 1920, p. 349.

In addition to losing the Butlerian quip, the American editions have Overton, in his reverential quoting from Tennyson, speaking absolutely out of character, since he had for some time been attempting to arrange a separation between Ernest and Ellen.

ROYAL A. GETTMANN.
State College of Washington.

A Best Seller List

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Before Mr. Morley takes too much to heart the despairing outcry of the correspondent who bewailed the poor sales of the old Classics in the various reprints, I would advise him to call his friends of the Oxford University Press, The Modern Library, The Everyman Series, The Modern Reader's Library of Macmillan, The Modern Student's Series of Scribner's, et al., into the witness box.

I have given a good deal of study and thought to the sales trends on the older books like "Leaves of Grass," "Huckleberry Finn," "A Shropshire Lad," "Moby Dick," and even less "popular" favorites like "Dreamthorp," for the discovery of which I am profoundly grateful to Mr. Morley.

Why not revive my old notion of having a best seller list for *old* books as well as new ones? I have strongly advocated this for many years, and my friends among the booksellers, literary editors, all say that it is a good idea, but do nothing about it.

A PUBLISHER.

"The Magic Mountain" Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

In your issue of December 27 Theodore Purintun's blanket approval of "The Magic Mountain" expresses, in an exaggerated form, my own view of that two-volume compound of fact and fiction. One could hardly expect so youthful an enthusiasm as his to include a few definite reasons why the novel, from his point of view, should be, as he affirms, "perhaps the one really great book of modern times."

The unique distinction of "The Magic Mountain" is the wizardry of the author's treatment of time in the pathologically transformed lives of the tuberculous in the Swiss sanatorium to which he sends the chief character. What is time? Thomas Mann's answer aroused in at least one of his readers a momentarily impersonal or lost sense of time, and of personal life. Time was not, for the time being. In this story Mann's philosophical experiment with time is magical in its effects upon the reader.

DEWITT C. WING.
New York.

Edgar Saltus

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I am working on a manuscript covering the life of Edgar Saltus, and shall be grateful to anyone in possession of any original data, information, records, letters, manuscripts, etc., of Mr. Saltus, who will communicate with me concerning same.

J. FORREST McCUTCHEON.
2600 Greene Ave., Forth Worth, Texas.

"But for the Grace of God"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I find in an article by W. P. Montague, in "Contemporary American Philosophy," p. 153, the statement: "The memory of John Bunyan came to mind, and I thought, 'There, but for the grace of God, go I'." I have often run across this ancient anecdote, but I am of the opinion that I have always seen it as coming from John Wesley, who expressed the sentiment on seeing a drunken man lying in the gutter. Can you give me any authoritative statement on this cliché? John Bunyan and John Wesley are far enough apart even at this late age to demand a little differentiation.

If you will give the answer to this literary problem in a suitable department of the Review, I think it might be of interest.

J. M. MATTHEWS.
San Diego, Calif.

THE GREAT AMERICAN LEGEND

Coronado's Children

Published February 2

LOST MINES AND BURIED TREASURES OF THE SOUTHWEST

By J. Frank Dobie

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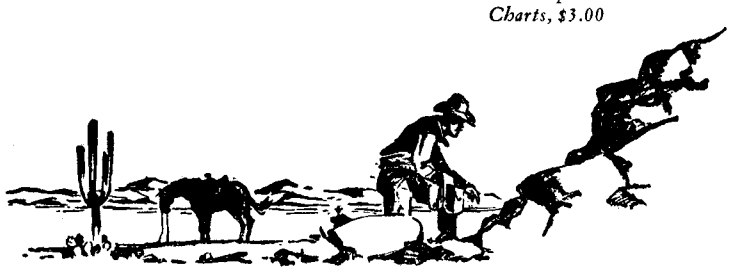

Symbols used as secret directions by the Spaniards in hiding treasure. Taken from actual markings in the Southwest, they are reproduced and their meaning expained for the first time in print in "*Coronado's Children.*"

WHAT the Golden Fleece was to the Greeks, what the legends of Venus, of Helen, of King Arthur, were to Europe, what El Dorado—the gilded man—was to South America . . tales of buried treasure are to all the United States, once owned by Spain. For hundreds of years in the Southwest, stories of hidden riches have been handed down around campfires, in households, under stars. Thousands of men have believed them . . still believe them enough to search for that gold.

J. Frank Dobie has for more than ten years been collecting these tales. In "*Coronado's Children*" he brings together the most fascinating, the most astounding versions of the great American legend. Dobie has touched the printed page with the rich flavor, the effortless vividness of true folk lore. This volume is a refreshing and important contribution to American letters.

A selection of the Literary Guild. The only time the Guild has ever chosen a volume from any publisher outside New York and Boston.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Fiction

DAGGERS DRAWN. By ALAN THOMAS. Brewer & Warren. 1930. $2.

Mr. Alan Thomas, the author of two detective stories, has here tried an interesting departure from that form. He has attempted to provide his murderer with a motive less conventional and more convincing than the usual well-worn collection which are the mystery-writer's stock in trade, and to make his crime something more than the empty homicides of Mr. Punch. Accordingly, in a few opening chapters he shows the growth of enmity between Lionel Rockstro and Arthur Faber, as the children of neighbors, as schoolmates, and as fellow officers in the trenches. Rockstro, the older, is a born bully, and Faber, a sensitive, shy boy, is a born victim of bullying; Faber conceives for his persecutor a hostility that is made the more bitter by the universal assumption that they must be great friends; the stage is set for a murder with a cause less easily pigeonholed, but more credible, than that of the average shocker.

Evidently, Mr. Thomas must write a detective story without a mystery, having given away the motive. Rockstro is found stabbed in his club, and we watch the efforts of the police to find the criminal from the point of view of Faber, who knows himself guilty. In this part of the book the interest, which was keen in the earlier chapters, becomes a little thin. It ought not to be so, for we are invited to share the emotions of a man in danger of his life, but so it is. The reason seems to be that Mr. Thomas, to make his murderer a sufficiently sympathetic hero, has had him wounded in the head and left not quite of normal mind, and any such abnormality is a very difficult thing to handle. The jaded reader of detective stories, inured to bad psychology, is apt to suspect that Faber is deluded in supposing himself the criminal. While it is not fair to blame Mr. Thomas for this, still the abnormality of the hero cannot but prevent one from feeling the anxiety one otherwise would.

Still, the experiment is an interesting one. The real enthusiasts of the detective story, who speculate upon whether it can retain its present form forever, and if not, upon what is to become of it, should find it provocative. It may be that the detective story with the solution revealed to the reader in advance, so that he perceives the fine points of skill as one reading for the second time, is the type of the future.

SOME OTHER BEAUTY. By I. A. R. WYLIE. Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $2.50.

Miss Wylie says that at twenty she wrote for a living and for travel, and that ever since she has lived "wherever she could get to on the strength of her earnings." These six tales are placed in London, France, New York, the Tyrol, Spain. They range from a tragi-comedy of Britons at war to a romance of the bull-ring. The writer has plenty of the dry fodder of realism in store, but her fancy chooses green pastures. Her natural mood is romantic and even emotional. Once or twice, as in her novel "The Silver Virgin," she has tried to do what cannot be done—to make romance out of bathos. Her sense of absurdity is not reliable. The last tale in this collection is called "The Strange Story of the Man Who Believed in God." This gentleman proves his belief by murdering his invalid wife lest she have the unhappiness of learning about his physical infidelity. And it tickles him to be hanged as soon as may be, so that he may join her in a world where physical infidelity is impossible. No skill in the telling can lift stuff like this from the ridiculous to the sublime and it must be one or t'other.

ESME'S SONS. By ANTHONY PRYDE. Dodd, Mead. 1930. $2.50.

This is another story of English country life and as such will be acclaimed by that large public who are ever on the watch for this particular type of fiction. Countless novels of this sort appear every year and as a rule may be relegated to one of two categories: a few that are very good and a great many that merely ape their betters. The present book does not fit exactly into either of these classes. It is written in a pleasant flowing style, the characters speak and act with intelligence and humor, but the plot is too patently cut to suit specifications and the man and women are so deliberately labelled that they forfeit the aspect of reality. In other words, Mr. Pryde has given us a charming tale but failed to make it memorable.

DIAMONDS TO SIT ON. By ILYA ILF and EUGENE PETROV. Translated from the Russian by ELIZABETH HILL and DORIS MUDIE. Harpers. 1930. $2.

Here is a book that promises well. It is a farcical novel from the Russian, which is in itself unusual enough to be interesting, and it opens with a situation of great possibilities. Hippolyte Vorobianinov, hears from his mother-in-law that at the outbreak of the Revolution she hid a fortune in diamonds in one of their dining-room chairs; the chairs have been confiscated by the Soviet, and the dozen scattered, Hippolyte takes into partnership a more resourceful and impudent accomplice, and goes treasure-hunting after his mother-in-law's chairs. But she has also revealed her secret to her priest, in the course of confession; and he with no regard for the rules of the confessional, immediately goes treasure-hunting too, on his own account. Here is a beginning with which Mr. P. G. Wodehouse or Mr. G. A. Birmingham could do great things.

But humor notoriously fails to translate well, as witness the Greek version of "Pickwick" in "Squirrel Inn," or Mark Twain's retranslation from the French of "The Jumping Frog." Humor depends too much upon exaggeration of recognizable types, or the incongruous combination of familiar ideas. "Diamonds to Sit On" must be set down as a farce that does not come off. The schemes of the adventurers are wild and their dupes so gullible that one reads the book as one does the farce of "Patelin" or the very earliest of the picaresque novels, with a mild interest in the question of whether it is utterly fantastic or has some pretensions to credibility in its own country, but without a trace of mirth.

Moreover, it may be too hasty a generalization, or one too much influenced by childhood memories of "Struewwelpeter," but much Continental humor seems both crude and cruel. Certainly much of "Diamonds to Sit On" is so. At the end, the priest goes mad from the privations of his search, and Vorobianinov, having located the last chair, murders his accomplice, and then finds that some one has been beforehand in finding the diamonds. To an Anglo-Saxon reader, this in a so-called "Comedy of Errors" would be a positive shock, if it were not for the fact that the heartlessness of some of the deceptions already practiced in the book has somewhat accustomed him to its authors' view of humor. It would be genuinely interesting to know how this book has been received in Russia; the knowledge of whether its unbelievably credulous peasants are regarded as merely legitimate exaggerations, and whether the conclusion is considered funny, would throw a light upon the Russian character. It is much to be regretted that the publishers have not given this information in an introduction, for without it the book loses most of its potential value.

MOON OF DELIGHT. By *Margaret Bell Houston.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

SMILING CHARLIE. By *Max Brand.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

VENUS ON WHEELS. By *Maurice Dekobra.* Macaulay. $2.

OCCUPIED TERRITORY. By *Alice Ritchie.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.

MAVERICK MAKERS. By *Dane Coolidge.* Dutton. $2.50.

PALM BEACH. By *Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.,* Macaulay. $2.

Juvenile

A BOY OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST. By ROBERT WATSON. Ottawa: Graphic Publishers. 1930. $1.50.

This boys' book of 259 pages is interesting in several ways. It appears to be travel adventures—trail and camp-fire adventures—of a boy of sixteen, as told by himself; it gives the Canadian slant upon outdoor life, and embraces practically every aspect of that life. Young Watson and his father wandered hither and yon through northwestern Canada, and Robert met cowboys, hunters, trappers, ranchers, fur traders, Indians, and wild animals. It is a wholesome, manly book, and a Scouty book; and a very informative book. The many illustrations are from photographs taken during the trips. The make-up of the book differs from the make-up of American boys' books along this line, but the Canadian boy and the American boy evidently do not differ in their own make-ups. The same things interest them and the same ideals guide them. American boys will find a number of pointers in this Canadian boy's story.

(*Continued on next page*)

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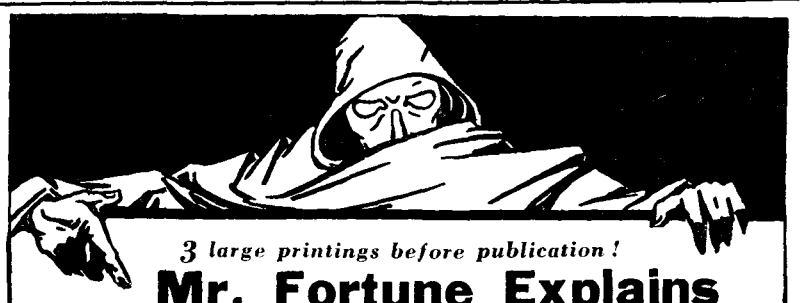

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THE MEMORIES OF ELIZABETH NARISHKIN-KURAKIN

Edited by René Fülop-Miller

These leaves from Madame Kurakin's remarkable diary span the reigns of the last three Tsars. She had seen Madame Recamier and Chateaubriand, had been the guest of Napoleon III and Eugenie, Dostoyevski frequented her salon and Alexander II confided to her his tragic love affair. She was lady-in-waiting at the court of Nicholas II and gives an incisive portrait of the late Empress which explains the hypnotic power of Rasputin over her. The collaboration of the noted author of "Rasputin" assures the importance and readability of these unusual memoirs.

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The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from preceding page*)

NAPOLEON'S STORY BOOK. By HELEN HILL and VIOLET MAXWELL. Macmillan. 1930. $2.

Was it a moment of aberration or was it the title and jacket that led the editors to suppose this little book a boy's life of Napoleon? At any rate it went to a college professor of history for an authoritative review.

The professor writes that he isn't an authority on the kind of history told in this book, for it is about fairies. He says that the ladies who got up the book started with a clever idea and have carried it out in a most delightful way.

They describe in a few words the romantic island of Corsica, tell a little bit about the boyhood of Napoleon, and then let an imaginary aunt of Napoleon tell the little boy how the fairies came to Corsica and some of the wonderful things they did there. She told the little Napoleon, who was then called Nabulione, the story of Caterinella, the little girl who wandered into the forest where she found the king's son turned into a statue and released him by doing all the hard tasks set for her by a curious old man she discovered sitting on a rock. She also told how Titimalo, by using the lizard's necklace and the beggar woman's lump of wax, slew the dragon that was devouring the people and how Titimalo was rewarded with the king's daughter for his bride. She also told other wonderful tales. The professor noticed that the little Napoleon seldom asked any questions. He thinks the explanation must be that she was so good a story teller that all the young Napoleon's desires were satisfied. He is sure that her stories will delight the boys and girls of today and also the grown-ups who haven't forgotten that they were once children.

The professor also says that the ladies who got up the book are clever with their pencils as well as their pens, for they have supplied some very good drawings in black and white.

THE TWIN UMBRELLAS. By MARJORIE WILSON. Houghton Mifflin. 1930. $1.75.

An amusing story which tells the adventures of two super-super umbrellas, so much alike that even their owners could not tell them apart. One belonged to the Duke of Bing Bong (who although actually being a duke was really like one) the other to Mr. Travers (*a tall young man, who left umbrellas in places*).

Both umbrellas were lost, one had an interesting adventure at the Lost Property Office, where he met umbrellas in all walks of life. Both had many and various experiences. How they were lost and found, how they found themselves in the same umbrella stand, and how each at last came back to its proper owner is too good a story to miss. Most of the action takes place in London, where rain occasionally comes down in streams and buckets and deluges, and umbrellas are overworked. It's an attractive book with its quaint jacket, and Miss Ball's illustrations, especially those in black and white, are unusually good.

THE FAIRWAY BELL. By E. J. CRAINE and L. H. MOSELEY. Duffield. 1930. $2.

BRADFORD ON MT. FAIRWEATHER. By BRADFORD WASHBURN. Putnam. 1930. $1.75.

This time fact is the dessert and fiction the other seven courses, for "The Fairway Bell" is a substantial juvenile. There is the sea in it, and the Maine coast, with several of the practical inhabitants; there is a crew of piratical South Americans; there is Zinnie—and each family should include one; there are three lively and nothing if not enterprising boys, and finally there is the radio zoner with television attachment. Although never laboriously explained by Bart Burnham, the inventor, we think we know how to use this instrument. Pick up a sound, say of a lawn-mower, focus in on it televisionally, and suddenly you see your kid brother sweating at the machine several miles away. This enlivens an afternoon. It also enlivens the book, which is deftly compounded of events you want to look at, the sinister and the good-natured. Roderigo still makes our flesh crawl, and we are still laughing at the boys' talk, certainly the best of its kind we recall reading in a dozen moons. In fact we enthusiastically recommend "The Fairway Bell."

Washburn's book interested us because we've been by Fairweather, because we enjoyed having someone else bitten by those mosquitos and sopped by those fogs. But it's a hasty book. One would like some of the other boys' views. Why not some of their talk? The day's work is vividly presented, but what of the nights around the fires? The party did not reach the summit but that was a relief to us, we had suffered so sympathetically in Desolation Valley and Starvation Camp, not to mention at "The Times Square of Bearland," that we were perfectly content to reach Lituya Bay again. That is what fresh observation and brisk writing can do to a reader. Now we are trying to decide which was the biggest feat—to organize the expedition, to go through with it, or to write the book. We should have been proud merely to have taken such excellent photographs.

THE ROMANCE OF OLD GLORY. By ETHEL CLERE CHAMBERLIN. Sully. 1930. $2.50.

More comprehensive than its title might suggest, this volume begins with the Spanish flag which accompanied Ponce de Leon and was the first to fly over any part of Florida. Then comes an account of the Pilgrims, with the red, white and blue of the King's Colors floating from the mainmast of the *Mayflower*. At this point begins the series of American flags, the first one being the liberty flag displayed at Taunton, Mass., in 1774, which was simply the English flag of the time with the addition to its red field of the words in white, "Liberty & Union." Among these early banners were the Bedford flag, carried at Concord; the Bunker Hill flag; the Culpepper flag, with the motto, "Liberty or Death," and the warning, "Don't Tread on Me," beneath a coiled rattlesnake; the flag of Washington's first army, unfurled at Cambridge and being the British flag with its red field transformed into thirteen stripes of red and white by the simple process of sewing six white ribbons across it; and, of course, the Betsy Ross flag, of which our present flag is the obvious descendant. The narrative is entertaining and in large measure will be new to its readers, whatever their ages, while the illustrations, all in color, are indispensable.

Science

THE MATERIALS OF LIFE, A General Presentation of Biochemistry. By T. R. PARSONS. Norton: 1930. $3.

The author states his aim to be "to give an account that everybody shall be able to understand of the materials of which living things are made, and of the complex but fascinating changes that these materials undergo during life." He has fully succeeded. His book has long been needed; it is a clear, simple, unadorned exposition of the biochemistry of the higher animals. It does not cover, and indeed does not pretend to cover, the biochemistry of the lower forms of animal life or of plants, though in its final chapter, entitled "The Cycle of Nature," it deals with the circulation of matter from the inorganic state, through plants, into animals, and finally, through the agencies of decay, back again to the inorganic state.

The book is singularly free from the errors so commonly committed by those who endeavor to simplify an intrinsic and highly technical subject. It is all too easy to carry simplification to such a degree that only part of the truth is told. This pitfall the author avoids. Now and then one finds him seemingly in such a position only to learn, if one reads on, that he has merely postponed necessary qualifications. It is an inevitable consequence of Mr. Parsons's care to avoid half-truths and misleading metaphors that the book is not as easy to read as many so-called brilliant works in popular science which, in order to dramatize their subject matter and tell an interesting story, often paint a misleading picture. The book demands a certain power of concentration on the part of the reader, but no technical knowledge. Anyone may obtain from it a good picture of the present state of our knowledge concerning the chemical mechanisms that lie at the bottom of the functioning of living things.

MONSIEUR DE BALZAC ENTERTAINS A VISITOR. By *Pierre Loving*. University of Washington Chapbooks.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE IN CANADA. By *W. O. Hammond*. Toronto: Ryerson. 75 cents.

MAIN CURRENTS IN THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE OF CONTEMPORARY GERMANY. By *Camillo von Klenze*. Stanford University Press.

Books Briefly Described

A HISTORY OF SOUTH AMERICA. By CHARLES EDMOND AKERS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1931. $5.

A new edition of a useful survey of the development of the South American republics, with additional chapters bringing the work up to date. The book contains a large amount of diversified information and should serve as a valuable handbook for those who wish a brief, panoramic view of South American history.

RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD. By CARL CLEMEN. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931. $4.50.

A valuable reference book on Comparative Religion, written with traditional German profundity, accuracy, and heaviness. Divided into four parts—Prehistoric Religion, Primitive Religion, Ancient National Religions, and World Religions, it is profusely and fascinatingly illustrated. In compiling it the editor, Carl Clemen, has had the assistance of a group of eleven collaborators.

A MONUMENT TO SAINT AUGUSTINE. New York: The Dial Press. 1931.

A symposium of twelve essays on Saint Augustine, his age, life, and thought, of little interest to the general reader but a valuable work for students of scholastic philosophy.

INTERNATIONAL UNDERSTANDING. By JOHN EUGENE HARLEY. Stanford University Press. 1931. $7.50.

A handbook of the agencies operating toward an understanding and organizing of international life and relationship. It contains a list and analysis of the scope, purpose, methods, and achievements of such agencies throughout the world, and is a useful guidebook to them.

THE IRON WIDOW. By HARRY HERVEY. New York: Horace Liveright. 1931. $2.

A novel in which realism, romance, and melodrama are blent into a tale of considerable vigor and sweep. "The iron widow," which gives title to the story, is a guillotine in an African prison, the daily life and horrors of which are fully described. The plot is built about the personality of a mulatto woman, passionate and unscrupulous.

Ah, what a book it is!

THE non-fiction best-seller of 1930 becomes the non-fiction best-seller of 1931.

¶ As "The Story of San Michele" enters its third year, more than 250,000 people have read this book. Every day more and more people are reading it. It is now in its 73rd printing. Booksellers and critics declare that it is the phenomenon of modern publishing.

¶ Dr. Munthe lifts the curtain on his life and proves once again thereby that truth *is* stranger than fiction and far more engrossing.

¶ "*Perhaps,*" says *Emily Newell Blair, reviewing* the book in Good Housekeeping, "the truth about a doctor's work and ethics has never before been so frankly revealed. Certainly never before with such wisdom, such humor, such realism, such raciness, and withal such art."

¶ The doctor was the youngest M. D. ever created in France. A colleague of the great Pasteur and of Charcot. And his life story is amazingly crammed with adventure—gruesome, hair-raising, amusing, tragic. With royalty and in the slums, he has lived and worked and played.

¶ He takes us behind the scenes and we see, among other things, the unfortunate girls imprisoned in the Salpetriere, victims for doctors' hypnotic experiments. And we see, too, Dr. Munthe's gallant attempt to rescue one of them.

¶ The doctor snubs the Kaiser in front of his suite and pistols a man near to death for kicking his dog. He refuses the decorations of kings or gives them to his servants. He befriends the slatternly prostitutes in the Paris dives, makes comrades of the beggars of Italy and dares talk of love to the white-faced nuns of the Convent of Sepolte Vive.

¶ Henry James lived with him. He was friend and doctor of Guy de Maupassant, aboard whose yacht he meets Yvonne, "drifting to total destruction in the lap of her terrible lover."

¶ Here is the heart of a man and the mind of a man, cleared of pretense and sham, and disclosed with a simple and a direct force.

¶ "There is no magic," says Cunninghame Graham, after reading this book, "and no mystery so unfathomable as the mind of man. The book itself, with its strange human magic, has become almost a classic."

¶ If you read only the one or two most exceptional books published each year—you will find this autobiography the best of company these winter evenings.

Axel Munthe

THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE

By AXEL MUNTHE

Author of "Memories and Vagaries"

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The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*

C. L. A., Centreville, Cape Cod, Mass., needs books for travel in Yucatan and Mexico, and is especially interested in ancient Mayan culture.

THE works of T. W. Gann, of which "In an Unknown Land," "Ancient Cities and Modern Tribes," and "Maya Cities" are the most recent (Scribner), are by a famous authority, interesting to read whether one is going there or not, and beautifully illustrated. Other well illustrated and valuable books for traveler or student are P. W. Puxley's "Magic Land of the Mayas" (Dodd, Mead) and "The City of the Sacred Well," by T. A. Willard (Century), which caught my own imagination almost as it was caught by the discoveries at Ur; I shall not soon forget those stories of dredging up the past from out of the sacrificial pool. A new story for young people, "The Dark Star of Itza," by Alida Sims Malkus (Harcourt, Brace), is reinforced by personal experience in this region, and would be admirable for younger members of this party. Terry's "Guide to Mexico" (Houghton Mifflin) has been lately revised and makes a practical traveling companion; of the older books on Mexico it would never do to leave out Charles M. Flandrau's "Viva Mexico" (Appleton), a classic in its own way, now reprinted in their dollar library. Of the later travel books, D. H. Lawrence's "Mornings in Mexico" (Knopf) has the highest literary value. For Mexican art and the spirit of Mexican culture, Anita Brenner's "Idols behind Altars" (Brewer & Warren) is most inspiring to the general reader. It is a pleasure to put this large and non-committal-looking book into the hands of those who should know about it; once begun, it will enthrall anyone at all interested in the subject—and just now even little children seem to be, if the success of Mexican juveniles is any proof.

Horace Wyndham, Authors' Club, 2 Whitehall Court, London, England, writes: I am putting the finishing touches to a work dealing with Adah Isaacs Menken; and would be exceedingly obliged for any information on the following points: 1. Copy of letter dealing with Baron Rothschild, said to be contributed by Adah Isaacs Menken to the Israelite *about 1858, or name of any English paper in which this letter was reproduced. 2. Ancestry and career of Alexander Isaacs Menken. 3. Proof of any marriages or divorces of Adah Isaacs Menken. 4. Details concerning James Paul Barclay.*

PLEASE write directly to Mr. Wyndham, to save time, the book being on the edge of completion. It will be of no use to tell him about the "life" of her published not long after her death by a fiery fellow-actor, in which dates and places of several marriages and divorces are given, for I told him about that myself, and his research blew them all to bits.

Here is another report on western stories, from *M. H., Clearfield, Pa.*, who found that the following were especially popular with intelligent readers at a branch library: Mulford's "Me and Shorty," a humorous yarn of cowpunchers uncomplicated by any silly love story; Evarts's "The Deputy Sheriff" and "Tomahawk Rights," Indians and settlers in early America; Coburn's "Mavericks," a family story of a disputed claim; Oskison's "Texas Titan," based on a historic figure; Bower's "Rodeo," proving that younger boys are as good at the old celebration as older romantic figures; Cooper's "Oklahoma," Raine's "Bonanza," and for the Northwest Cooper's "Challenge of the Bush," Hendry's "Man of the North," and Marshall's "Fish-Hawk," the last concerned with intrigue during the war across the Pacific north by the Aleutian Islands, with exciting boat chases.

I wish someone would make haste to find the book on jargon languages of little children, lately asked for by an inquirer, for another client hopes as I did, that it may have something about the delayed speech of twins. "My own twins caused me such humiliation in this manner," says she, "that I would like to have an authority to quote." Anything on the subject of the speech habits of twins will be welcomed. Only, seeing what most people do with speech when they get it, I cannot see why we should be in such a hurry to rout twins out of what appears to be a quite satisfactory substitute.

Several rural and urban correspondents added books to the list of lives of leaders of rural life in America, but it remained for the Department of Agriculture to crown the work. Everett E. Edwards, Associate Agricultural Economist of the division of Statistical and Historical Research, sends me a copy of the government publication, "A Bibliography of the History of Agriculture in the United States," a book-sized pamphlet in which no fewer than pages 218-233 are devoted to this very subject, collective and individual biographies of rural leaders. I foresee uses for this bibliography, and I suggest it to anyone interested in rural libraries.

Since I provided *W. L. K., Lesterville, S. D.*, with a list of lives of Alexander the Great, I have read the new "Alexander" (Brewer & Warren), by Klaus Mann, son of Thomas Mann, a free version of history in fiction form; that is, all the characters are historical and the interest is in the leading character, not in sentimental side plots; the atmosphere is singular, convincing, often painfully so. The same inquirer asked if there were an edition of Prescott or Parkman with all the notes, Spanish, French, and Latin, translated into English; so far as any authority that I have consulted can tell me, no such edition was ever published.

E. L. P., Grace Church Rectory, Ocala, Fla., replies to the call of *O. E. W., Gambier, O.*, for a good translation of Sophocles, saying "I had a Greek professor who ranked 'The Tragedies of Sophocles,' translated by Sir Richard C. Jebb, Cambridge, 1917, with Jowett's 'Plato' as an ideal translation, and I agree with him. The 'Philoctetes' is admirable."

HOORAY, a spokesman for the speech of twins has been found by *J. V. L., Graduate College, Princeton*, and from henceforward no mother need blush for the eccentricity of her twins if they decline to accept adult conventions in language.

Recently, through your column, someone inquired for a book on the language of children. Professor Otto Jespersen of the University of Copenhagen devotes one section of his admirable book, "Language, Its Nature, Development, and Origin," to this subject. The author is a learned philologian, but the layman (myself included) need not be frightened away. Somewhere in the discussion he speaks of some Danish and Icelandic twins who spoke a jargon of their own. In the case of the Icelandic pair, the parents became alarmed because the children spoke their lingo to the entire exclusion of their mother tongue. They were separated, but still the sister refused to learn Icelandic. Finally, the parents capitulated and mastered their offspring's speech! The book is published by George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., Ruskin House, 40 Museum Street, London, W.C.1.

Speaking of twins leads sweetly to doubles, and how on earth I managed to overlook, in the collection lately printed, "The Haunted Man," by Charles Dickens, passes me, for I read it every Christmas as regularly as I do the "Christmas Carol." Why, even in the latter, Scrooge certainly meets himself in the episode "Christmas Yet to Come." But it remained for *A. J., Sioux City, Iowa*, to remind me of this work that he "read sixty-five years ago, at a very impressionable age, and to the best of my belief have not reread since, but the tale is so clear in my mind that I think I could tell it rather exactly." *R. T. B., New York*, also came to the rescue of the "Haunted Man," "the poor fellow who was freed from all memory of past unhappiness," and added that Abraham Lincoln saw himself double in the mirror—his own form, and a pale haggard shadow of himself at the same time. I will look out for this in the new psychological study, "Lincoln the Man," by Edgar Lee Masters, that Dodd, Mead will bring out in February. *P. B., Kalamazoo, Mich.*, contributes another famous double, Raskolnikov and Svidrigailov in Dostoievsky's "Crime and Punishment," and asks if there is not another in "The Brothers Karamazov." Any reference to this work promptly provides me with an excuse to read it again, and the experience however often repeated seems never to lose its thrill: the apparition referred to is evidently "Ivan's Nightmare" in which he converses with, or rather listens at great length to the devil. But as earlier in the narrative Ivan declares "if the devil doesn't exist, but man has created him, he has created him in his own image and likeness," this creation might qualify for this list on philosphical grounds. *T. E. T. M., Albany, N. Y.*, refers the dealer in doubles to a story by Conan Doyle: "The Great Keinplatz Experiment," and adds: "I wonder if many people realize the great work done by A. Conan Doyle, aside from Sherlock Holmes? I reread Holmes every year and lately have come equally to appreciate his other work." Readers may recall that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle sent a note of appreciation, altogether in his own handwriting, to this column last summer: this document has taken on a sad importance, as the date shows it to be one of the last messages from his hand.

Two additions have been made to the equipment of the reader who asked for studies of insanity like Jane Hillyer's "Reluctantly Told." The first comes from *F. E. S., Brookline, Mass.*, who says that "Clifford Beers's remarkable autobiographical study, 'a Mind that Found Itself', since its publication in 1908 has run into seventeen editions: it was the motivation for the founding of the Mental Hygiene movement, the widespread importance and influence of which is being felt in all social, educational, and industrial movements all over the world. Also, you mentioned J. R. Oliver's 'Foursquare': his 'Victim and Victor' is a study, too, of certain phases of insanity, and is very fascinating—perhaps more so even than 'Foursquare.'" The second addition to the list will soon be provided by the Yale University Press (in coöperation with Coward-McCann) which on March 20 will publish "The Recovery of Myself": a patient's experience in a hospital for mental illness, by Marian King with a preface by Dr. Adolph Meyer, the noted psychologist. I was permitted to see something of this work before publication, and I believe it will be, as the advance notice says, an important contribution in the field of modern hospital treatment, especially as regards treatment of drug addicts.

The request of G. B. F., St. Louis, Mo., for novels portraying physicians reminds me that it is high time this list were printed, it must so often be sent out by mail in response to calls from readers. In this case it is needed for the use of students in a course in Medical Social work at Washington University: not long since a Philadelphia library called for it, on behalf of a number of clients.

I DON'T know who was the first doctor in English fiction, but by the time "Tristram Shandy" arrived Doctor Slop brought in the profession with a bang. There is a posthumous novel of Southey, "The Doctor," whose philosophisings are held together by a Dr. Love who travels about on horseback curing all sorts of people. The struggle of young Lydgate to establish himself as a physician in "Middlemarsh" is George Eliot's best contribution to this literature, and Thackeray, in "The Adventures of Philip," countered the medical deceiver, Philip's unworthy father, with an admirable doctor who tended poor Carry in her fever and had her trained as a nurse. Indeed, Thackeray had almost always a friendly feeling for doctors, but the specimens in Dickens are but a poor lot. Quiller-Couch, in "Charles Dickens and Other Victorians" (Putnam) says: "It would be interesting (I do not suggest it as a subject of research for a Ph.D. degree) to count the number of births in Dickens's novels and discover an *accoucheur* who did not contrive to lose either the mother or the child, or both." Trollope's "Dr. Thorne" is a fine fellow. Watson, in the Sherlock Holmes stories, is generally taken as Conan Doyle's medical hero, but the medical atmosphere is thicker in the excellent collection of short stories known as "Round the Red Lamp." One of the combination in Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was an honorable physician. Charles Reade in "Hard Cash" pays left-handed respects to private lunatic asylums and their staffs. One of the most beloved doctors in fiction is in Ian Maclaren's "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," and this story, "A Doctor of the Old School," was lately reprinted separately by Coward-McCann. Beatrice Harraden's forgotten best-seller, "Ships that Pass in the Night," takes place in a Swiss resort for consumptives, but the prize novel about a sanatorium is Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain" (Knopf), in which disease is presented with a realism likely to produce symptoms in a highly suggestible reader. Francis Brett-Young being a doctor, the spirit and details of "The Young Physician" (Dutton) are vivid and reliable, and his chief addition to this list, "My Brother Jonathan" (Knopf) has a doctor-hero of the novel generally regarded as his masterpiece. Warwick Deeping is a doctor—see "Roper's Row" (Knopf)—and M. P. Shiel studied medicine. In Phyllis Bottome's "A Servant of Reality" (Century) a surgeon returns shattered from a German prison camp. Sheila Kaye-Smith's sympa-

(*Continued on next page*)

DO YOU KNOW YOUR OTHER SELF?

Have you ever explored the mysterious, semi-conscious region of your impressions? Are you the kind of person who feels first, and thinks afterwards? Are your feelings strong, sudden, unaccountable? If so, you should be among those who are discovering Rainer Maria Rilke, the "strictly modern mystic," the classic German writer whose great book, THE JOURNAL OF MY OTHER SELF, has just been translated.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

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JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH, *famed for* "—AND CO"
author of A NIGHT IN KURDISTAN
published to-day

Last Summer the itinerant half of *The Inner Sanctum* sauntered down to the Poitiers country of France—an undulating and sun-lit province inseparably associated with the memory of Jean d'Arc, Rabelais, and the most succulent of all cheese. There, in a venerable little university town, rich in legends and traditions going back to the twelfth century, your correspondent visited JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH, author of *—And Company*, a novel which was published just one year ago, amid ardent homage from PAUL VALERY, ANDRÉ MAUROIS, ROMAIN ROLLAND, PAUL CLAUDEL, ARNOLD BENNETT, VAN WYCK BROOKS and scores of others equally noted and equally discriminating.

To-day a new book of JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH is published, under the title *A Night In Kurdistan*, and here at *The Inner Sactum* there is high jubilation, for in all truth this tale of "the continent of passion" is a glamorous and strangely exotic chip of the old Bloch.

A Night In Kurdistan has been out several months both in France and in England. The critical reception has matched the paeans of praise which greeted the publication of "*—And Company.*" Once again JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH seems destined to have that highest type of world-wide best-seller—a book-store triumph which is an Event in national academies, learned societies, and literary journals. The popular press has joined the most erudite reviewers in saluting *a magnificent story—a novel with a plot!* Mark well such tributes as these:

Says ROMAIN ROLLAND: "*To the massive structure, the superabundant, compact realism endowed with flesh and brilliant colorings of* AND COMPANY *there is opposed the clear, glowing atmosphere, the sharp lines, the proud contours, the incisive phrase, vibrating like a slender rapier, the flame and light of* A NIGHT IN KURDISTAN."

It is a return to "story-telling in the grand manner," says *The Daily Telegraph* of London, adding, "The roses of Anatolia, the glitter of burning sun on scimitar and lance . . . . here is a story of men who still ride free and unashamed."

NEWS! In the immortal words of *The New York Herald Tribune*, all America is breaking out in a NASH . . . . *Hard Lines* became a best-seller at the crack of the gun. . . . . All the necessary phenomena of instantaneous fame clicked with spectacular precision: "raves" from the first-line critics on publication date, some of them even in the form of prepaid telegrams, some in Nashist verse . . . immediate re-orders from key booksellers, making the book "out of stock" overnight and necessitating a rush order for a second edition . . . Window displays, interviews, news stories, wholesale orders from retail customers, proud bulletins from the city of Nashville, and twenty-one gun salutes from the columnists of a column-mad country.

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THE PHOENIX NEST

THE lecture tour of *Florence Ayscough* ought to interest a great many people in this country. She knows the real inner China. She is one of the most distinguished sinologues of our time. Of New England ancestry, she was born in China and that is the country of her heart. Her books are published by Houghton Mifflin, and anyone wishing to know the dates and places of her lectures should apply to her publishers or to the Pond Bureau at 25 West 43d Street. Mrs. Ayscough collaborated with *Amy Lowell* on "Fir-Flower Tablets," a book of Chinese poems in translation, and also recently wrote "The Autobiography of a Chinese Dog." She herself possesses a Chinese Dog whose name is Yo Fei. . . .

The latest novel of *Sarah Salt*, published by Brewer & Warren, is entitled "Strange Combat" and reflects Miss Salt's deep interest in prize-fighting. She has witnessed many a tough battle in such East End halls as she describes in her crisp and exciting novel, in which she also uses as background the Fitzroy Tavern, that well-known haunt of the London literati and frequenters also of the prize-ring. Last year, crossing on the *Aquitania*, we witnessed with Miss Salt the boxing bouts that were staged aboard-ship. She also showed us the Fitzroy Tavern when we were in London. Its chief feature is a ceiling peppered with paper darts which are later collected for a benefit. You twist a coin in a paper and shoot it at the ceiling, where it sticks. "Strange Combat," incidentally is one of the best novels she has done. There is excellent ironic salt in her fiction and she knows how to handle tragedy. . . .

What does one make of the name of *Calvin B. Hoover?* And yet it is a real name, not a mere combination of ex-President and President. It is the name of an author, the author of "The Economic Life of Soviet Russia," just published by Macmillan. Calvin B. Hoover is Professor of Economics at Drake University, in North Carolina, and last year spent some months in Russia as a Fellow of the Social Science Research Council of the United States. . . .

We have not ourself yet read *Arnold Bennett's* "Imperial Palace," but we are printing herewith the following interesting letter about it received from *Katherine Morse* of New York City.

I wonder how *Evelyn Orcham* in Arnold Bennett's "Imperial Palace" strikes your imagination. He seems to me the worst English prig since *Sir Charles Grandison*. The solemnity with which he regards himself! How any man in that Paris flat with the adorable and adorning Gracie yearning to love him could in cold blood tell her to sit down and be quiet while he judiciously reads her manuscript passes credibility. And his constant concern as to what the world might think of him!—If he wear a paper cap on New Year's Eve; if he were to be seen at the Shaftsbury Avenue restaurant riotously eating oysters at a counter with Gracie! One feels like saying with Chimmie Fadden, "Wot tell! Suppose they do see you."

But the funniest thing about the extraordinary mass of detail is its much ado about little We read of colossal undertakings—wells 500 feet deep in the basement to hold the dynamos; vast floors of sumptuous suites; tremendous goings on involving the entire time and thought of supermen like Orcham and Cousin, to say nothing of other highly organized individuals including a millionaire or two; dynamic energy in vast kitchens—and all this astuteness needed to manage—not a colossus like the super-hotels we are accustomed to view indifferently in America—but a pigmy of eight floors! When this detail appeared we did laugh aloud. It would be hard to convince an American that an eight-floor hotel in London is the "greatest luxury hotel in the world." To read of such tremendous energy given to the management of an eight-story hotel is like looking through the small end of a telescope—to one reader. I wonder what you think of it.

Eugenia M. Frost of Washington, D. C., has written us mildly counselling us not even to mention again our "alcoholic life," as she puts it. We have her permission to drink all we want "only for heaven's sake don't tell your public about it." Probably she's right. It's a shame to make other people thirsty! She asks us if we have seen *Kathryn Hulme's* "Arab Interlude," which was published last fall by Macrae-Smith. We have written her to send on a copy and we will look it over. We learn that Miss Hulme is a young Californian who was at one time an editor of *The San Franciscan*. Her other published work includes "How's the Road?" (privately printed) and "The Daisy Pin" (Transition). . . .

Hugh Walpole is cruising to the West Indies, having put in Doubleday, Doran's hands a new novel, a melodrama of Piccadilly, "Above the Dark Tumult," which they will bring out in late March. He will continue the series he began with "Rogue Herries" with another novel for next fall, "Judith Paris." . . .

We have received "The Passionate Pilgrim," a life of *Annie Besant* by *Gertrude Marvin Williams*, published by Coward-McCann. A Victorian child, a vicar's wife, she was later "the first woman publicly to endorse the use of contraceptive devices and she did it in a day when there were few men brave enough to take such a stand." In view of all this talk of birth control at the present time this is an interesting fact. Her early radical life is exciting to read about. She has certainly been a woman of the most phenomenal intellectual courage. Today we are apt to associate her only with Theosophy and India and a good deal of mystical discussion that seems to us rather vague and even perhaps faddish. But before she became interested in Gurus she went through many radical battles for better social conditions with a force and earnestness that win respect, even though one cannot at times restrain a slight smile. . . .

On the sixth of February a biography by *Edgar Lee Masters*, "Lincoln the Man," will be published by Dodd, Mead and Company. Mr. Masters was reared in the part of Illinois where *Lincoln* lived and has known many men and women who knew the real Lincoln. . . .

George Santayana has a book coming out through Scribner's, entitled "The Genteel Tradition at Bay." Guess what it is! The essays our own periodical has just been publishing. . . .

The new *American Caravan* will be published by the Macaulay Company on February 25th. It will include three short novels, a scenario which seems to indicate the development of a new literary form, a five act tragedy, a posthumous volume of ironic verse by the late *Harry Crosby*, and such contributors as *Evelyn Scott*, *Doris Peel*, *Jonathan Leonard*, *Isidor Schneider*, and *William Carlos Williams*. . . .

Random House received in the mail one morning a letter from a lady in Cranbury, New Jersey. She wrote to reserve two rooms and bath for over the week-end. They answered that though they were publishers and not inn-keepers hers was the best order they had received on that day. . . .

Louis Untermeyer and his wife are in Bermuda for a two months stay. Louis has finished a companion volume to "Modern American Poetry," entitled "Early American Poetry." . . .

Lincoln Steffens is to have his autobiography published by Harcourt, Brace early in March. He is in New York now, completing its preparation and will then return to his home in Carmel, California. . . .

During the sixty days his wife was traveling in Europe *Richardson Wright* completed for Lippincott his "The Bed Book of Travel." The same firm will bring out "Sea Legs," by *Oliver Herford*. . . .

Hooray! There's another Reggie Fortune book out. If you know anything about detective stories you know all about this creation of *H. C. Bailey's, Dr. Reginald Fortune*, one of the most original detectives in the business. Says the author, "Mr. Fortune is nothing if not the natural man. He says so himself." The new Dr. Fortune book is called "Mr. Fortune Explains," and is, of course, to be published by Dutton, on our birthday, February 2nd,—which we consider quite a compliment! . . .

The latest Swedish novelist of importance is *Gustaf Hellstrom*, author of "Lacemaker Lekholm Has an Idea." They say that the long novel resembles "The Forsyte Saga" in that it is a family chronicle covering several generations. It is even accompanied by a genealogical table. It runs from about 1850 to the present day. Lincoln MacVeagh is its American publisher. . . .

Thanking you for your kind attention.

THE PHOENICIAN.

The Reader's Guide

(Continued from preceding page)

thetic study, "The Village Doctor" (Dutton), may be supplemented by Phyllis Hambleton's "The Paved Path" (Crowell), the story of a doctor's office in a little English town, while Helen Ashton's "Dr. Serocold" (Doubleday, Doran) is a remarkable portrait of a hard-working general practitioner.

From the continent we have in translation Balzac's devoted "Country Doctor"—though not all his physicians are so virtuous—and the charming medical attendant at the convent in Sierra's "Cradle Song" (Dutton). The central figure of a marvellous sequence of novels, "The Book of the Small Souls," by Louis Couperous, is "Dr. Adriaan" whose grown-up name is the title of the concluding volume (Dodd, Mead). "The Surgeon's Stories," a famous old collection by Zakarias Topelius, are told by a lively and sociable quack doctor. In the last volume of the Rougon-Macquart series, "Le Docteur Pascal," Zola permits this physician to sum up the fortunes of the family, good and bad, and to keep track by medical record of his own fatal illness moment by moment to the end. In "The Night Cometh," by Paul Bourget (Putnam), an atheist surgeon and a Catholic officer face death. The hero of Johan Bojer's "The Face of the World" (Century) is a doctor, Maurice Duplay, the author of "Our Doctors" (Harper), is the son of one, and its translator is Dr. Joseph Collins. Boris Sokoloff, author of "The Crime of Dr. Garin" (Covici-Friede) is an authority on endocrine glands.

The most careful and generally successful study of a physician in American fiction and the only one I know of a research physician—is Sinclair Lewis's "Arrowsmith" (Harcourt, Brace), and a country doctor compels the admiration of every reader of his "Main Street." "A Country Doctor," by Sarah Orne Jewett (Houghton, Mifflin), is based on memories of her own father, who took her often upon his rounds. In "Dr. Lavendar's People," by Margaret Deland (Harper), and her "Old Chester Tales," the physician Willy King shares honors with the clerical hero. "Dr. Breen's Practice" is W. D. Howells's contribution; Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's "Doctor Zay" is a woman in a New England village; G. W. Cable's "Doctor Sevier" (Scribner) practised in New Orleans before the Civil War; Edward Eggleston's "The Faith Doctor" figures in the history of our copyright law. Mary Roberts Rinehart's "K" (Doubleday) is a trustworthy study of life among doctors and nurses. The hero of H. S. Harrison's "V. V.'s Eyes" (Houghton Mifflin) is a slum doctor, Helen R. Martin's "The Fighting Doctor" (Century) a city man among Mennonites, Rose Young's "Henderson" (Houghton Mifflin) a country doctor in Missouri, Ida A. R. Wylie's "The Hermit Doctor of Gaya" (Putnam) an Anglo-Indian. H. K. Webster's "Mary Wollaston" (Bobbs-Merrill) is the daughter of a surgeon, the hero of Lloyd Cassell Douglas's "Magnificent Obsession" (Willett) is a brain specialist, and "Doctors' Wives," by H. and S. Lieferant (Little, Brown) are jealous of their husbands' absorption in work. I must not leave out the doctors in "Spoon River Anthology" (Macmillan), whose lives are upon their tombstones.

Several well-known plays hinge on questions of medical ethics, though these are not always matters open to question in actual practice. For instance, Bourget's "Un Cas de Conscience" asks whether a doctor is justified in keeping a man alive long enough to make a most mischievous disposition of his estate; one might ask whether a doctor can ever say to a minute just when a man will die, or he would not treat pneumonia just as readily whether it were contracted *en route* to carry jelly to a sick friend or to waylay a leading citizen. Thus "The Doctor's Dilemma," by Bernard Shaw, is not likely to impale an actual physician upon its horns. But when a doctor writes the play, as in Arthur Schnitzler's "Professor Bernhardi," there is likely to be a real problem—in this case, whether a physician is justified in keeping from a patient news of imminent death, if—as in this instance—the approach of extreme unction will frighten her straightway out of the world. There is an even more poignant situation in François de Curel's *La Nouvelle Idole*, and the discussion goes deeper than in any other "medical" play; in Brieux's "Damaged Goods" it concerns venereal disease. Molière's attitude to doctors and his relations with them are among the matters admirably set forth in John Palmer's "Molière" (Brewer & Warren): the last of his medical satires, "Le Malade Imaginaire," was his last play; "Three days after these words had been first delivered from the stage Molière died without benefit of medicine."

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Miscellaneous

The Primavera Press

Messrs. Jake Zeitlin and Leslie Nelson Jennings have established the above Press at Los Angeles for the publication of poetry collections by California authors, biographical works, and works of regional and historical interest. The typography of the Primavera Press books will be under the direction of Mr. Bruce McCallister.

Introduction to a Conclusion

The "Introduction" is by Mr. T. N. Fairbanks, and the "Conclusion" is the final summing up by William Blades in his "Enemies of Books," first published in the *Printers' Register* of 1879 and later issued in book form. This issue is a Christmas book in attractive format.

Christmas at Little America

From extracts originally printed in the New York *Times*, and photographs of the Byrd expedition at the South Pole, William Edwin Rudge III and Hobert Oliver Skofield have arranged and printed a very comely little Christmas remembrance. It is a thin twelve mo, edited, set in type, and bound by the two youthful printers. They did everything except the actual presswork —even to dyeing the cover paper, which they have christened "Antarctic vellum." Good fun has resulted in a comely little book.

The Ideal Book

Mr. S. A. Jacobs has planned for the Stratford Press—American Book Bindery, as a Christmas present to their friends, a reprinting of Cobden-Sanderson's well known essay on The Ideal Book. It is a convenient and pleasant form in which to possess this essay—which must be known to anyone interested in printing—though the title page is a bit misleading at first. Linotype Estienne type has been used.

More Advertising Horrors

"Modern Advertising Art." I am always being told by a teacher-friend that art can be *either* good or bad. If this is so, then advertising art is almost always bad. The times when it approaches most nearly to "good" is when it adopts the form of posters. Otherwise its constant uneasy straining and posturing annoys, aggravates, and irritates. This book has been reverently compiled—it is dedicated to the author's mother—but on ranging back and forth through it I find only one example which really intrigues me—that of an exhibition of Secession painters in Vienna, done in red and blue sans-serif letters.

Elynour Rummynge

The rowdy ballad of Elynour Rummynge by John Skelton has been set in type and printed by Helen Gentry at San Francisco. Big type and a very small page combined with decorations by Claire Jones produce a good example of a book which the Lxiv mo enthusiast will welcome.

Hypnotic Poetry

There are those who still love poetry, despite the wildest efforts of imagists and lunacists to spoil poetic form. There are those even who sometimes like the hypnosis of poetry instead of synthetic gin and hashish. Such people will enjoy this little, well printed book from the University of Pennsylvania Press, with its hypnotic binding. A companion volume of hypnotic verses may be in order.

Monuments of Printing

The Rosenbach Company has issued a small catalogue of books printed between 1455 and 1500 which are typographical monuments. The notes, while all too scant, are valuable, and the list as a whole is a good check-list of early printed books. The first editions of many classical and medieval authors are included.

Within the Compass of a Print Shop

We recommend to those interested in illustration a new magazine of small dimensions under the above title, issued by Holman's Print Shop, Boston. It is not ostentatious, and being Mr. Holman's method of advertising his wares it is free. But that should not deter one: the small bibelot is full of readable matter concerning prints, is freely illustrated, and compact. Incidentally I wish some printers would notice that here is the precise use of "print shop," to designate a place where prints are sold—something which a "printing office" is not!

A New Garamond Type Face

There are at least a half dozen versions of roman letter, in this country alone, posing as "Garamond," besides numerous European variants. That they can't all be genuine is apparent, though each possesses meritorious qualities. Incidentally, most of them are none too successful as book faces, and it seems likely that the face as a book face will soon cease to have validity. Now comes from the Ludlow Typograph Company another version of Garamond, with some considerable claim to authenticity. It is based on the specimen sheet of Conrad Berner of Frankfort, issued in 1592, which contained several sizes of type ascribed directly to Claude Garamond. What interests in this new design is a certain plausible bookish quality about the shape of the letters, which makes for easy and pleasant reading. Mr. McMurtrie has written an historical treatise on the provenience of his rendering which will be of value to students of typography. R.

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